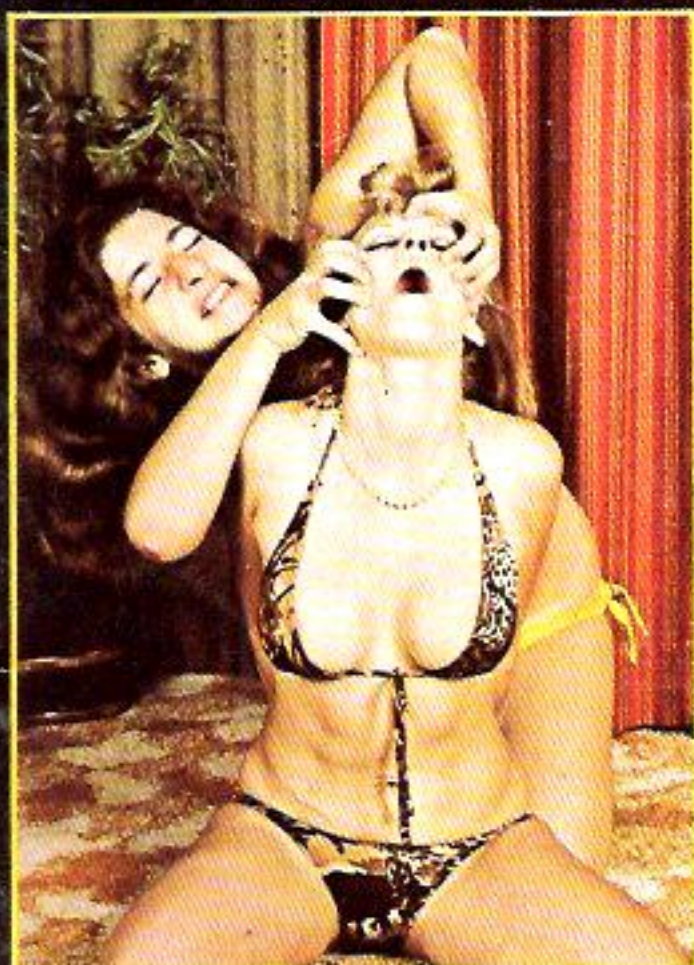


Wrestling

**IS TERRY FUNK
A BETTER WRESTLER
SINCE BECOMING
CHAMPION?**



**THE APARTMENT
WRESTLING CATFIGHT
FOR LOVE AND GLORY**

**Bruno & Monsoon
vs.
The Executioners:
THE MATCH BRUNO
SHOULD NOT
HAVE WRESTLED!**



OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

CHAMPION: BRUNO SAMMARTINO

- 1—BRUISER BRODIE
- 2—STAN STASIAK
- 3—STAN HANSEN
- 4—NIKOLAI VOLKOFF
- 5—IVAN PUTSKI
- 6—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 7—BOBO BRAZIL
- 8—BILLY WHITE WOLF
- 9—TOR KAMATA
- 10—DOUG GILBERT

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

CHAMPION: NICK BOCKWINKLE

- 1—BARON VON RASCHKE
- 2—VERNE GAGNE
- 3—LARRY HENNIG
- 4—JOE LEDUC
- 5—MAD DOG VACHON
- 6—PETER MAIVIA
- 7—GREG GAGNE
- 8—BLACKJACK LANZA
- 9—BOBBY DUNCUM
- 10—JIM BRUNZELL

MOST POPULAR

- 1—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
- 2—ANDRE THE GIANT
- 3—MIL MASCARAS
- 4—WAHOO McDANIEL
- 5—IVAN PUTSKI
- 6—MR. WRESTLING II
- 7—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 8—ROCKY JOHNSON
- 9—MIKE GRAHAM
- 10—PEPPER GOMEZ

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

CHAMPION: TERRY FUNK

- 1—DUSTY RHODES
- 2—JACK BRISCO
- 3—BLACKJACK MULLIGAN
- 4—THE SHEIK
- 5—FRITZ VON ERICH
- 6—JERRY LAWLER
- 7—HARLEY RACE
- 8—DORY FUNK JR.
- 9—MR. WRESTLING II
- 10—BILL WATTS

TAG TEAMS

- 1—THE ANDERSON BROTHERS
- 2—THE MASKED EXECUTIONERS
- 3—BOBBY DUNCUM & BLACKJACK LANZA
- 4—CHIEF STRONGBOW & BILLY WHITE WOLF
- 5—BOB BACKLUND & STEVE KEIRN
- 6—GOLIATH & BLACK GORDMAN
- 7—THE MONGOLS
- 8—DEAN HO & KEN MANTELL
- 9—THE VALIANT BROTHERS
- 10—PHIL HICKERSON & DENNIS CONDRY

MOST HATED

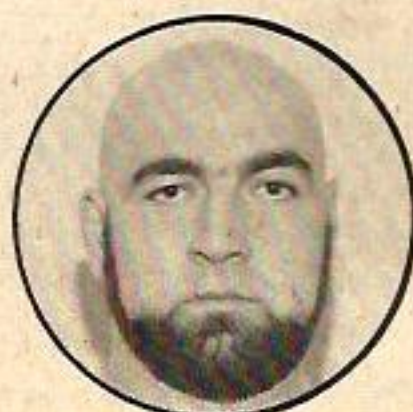
- 1—THE SHEIK
- 2—ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER
- 3—TERRY FUNK
- 4—STAN HANSEN
- 5—THE SPOILER
- 6—NICK BOCKWINKLE
- 7—STAN STASIAK
- 8—ERNIE LADD
- 9—JERRY LAWLER
- 10—MR. FUGI



BRUISER BRODIE



JACK BRISCO



JOE LEDUC



MIL MASCARAS



**THE MATCH THAT
MAY HAVE CHANGED
ERNIE LADD'S**

In every man's life
there is an encounter
from which he
emerges
a changed man.
Against Abdullah
the Butcher,
Ernie Ladd may
have confronted
such a moment
—and he may
never be
the same again!



Left: Ladd smashes his foot into Abdullah's bald skull late in the match. Above left: Ernie doesn't even get the chance to take his jacket off before Abdullah attacks him. Above right: It is no surprise to anybody when a chair is brought into this brawl.

WHAT A SIGHT it was! Ernie Ladd was standing there, leaning on the ropes, looking out on a wildly cheering crowd. He couldn't believe it. They were cheering *for* him—not against him.

Ernie would love to believe the reason for the cheers and adulation was "because these peasants have finally come around to realizing I am the best. I am supreme. I am the king—the king of wrestling."

The truth is Ernie was being cheered because he had destroyed Abdullah the Butcher, one of the most despised, feared, and vicious wrestlers the sport has ever known.

"It's not true," said Ladd after his titanic battle against Abdullah. "Before the match I, and I alone, was the baddest wrestler the world has ever known. Now, after the match, I and I alone, am still the baddest wrestler the world has ever known. I've finally heard the peasants give their king the praise he has deserved for so long. It has taken the peasants long enough, but I knew they'd come around sooner or later. It has to be the most wonderful feeling in the world when the fans claw and crawl all over each other trying to get a better look, a touch, a glimpse, even a handshake from their king."

Despite what Ladd may want to believe, Abdullah the Butcher is un-

questionably more hated than the self-proclaimed king of wrestling. Some of the most despicable, infamous, notorious, downright filthy maneuvers in the history of wrestling have been carried out by Abdullah. A savage from the most reclusive and backwards area of New Guinea is no more vicious than Abdullah the Butcher. He is enough to scare the wildest of savages, and the wildest of animals. There are only a few wrestlers who are so vicious they should be banned for life. Abdullah is one of them.

Almost proudly, advisor Gary Hart says of Abdullah, "The man is absolutely off the wall. I tend to believe he's half man, half beast. I've warned him about doing certain things before, but even I can't control his every action."

Indeed Hart can't. Only recently, a fan at ringside was heckling Abdullah and throwing paper cups at him. The Butcher grew angrier by the second. Although Hart tried to tell Abdullah to ignore the fan, Abdullah went after the spectator. Before special police could separate Abdullah from the fan, The Butcher had punched out several of his teeth.

"I got sick to my stomach," said special policeman Marc Kaye. "I have seen the dirtiest of wrestlers before, but I can't even classify Abdullah as dirty. He is in a class by himself. I'm certain

PHOTOS BY
DANNY GODDARD

AT ANGED LIFE

he'd take a life without giving it a second thought."

Ernie Ladd cannot compare with Abdullah the Butcher in a carrying out of heinous acts. Ladd may use foreign objects, as many opponents claim he does, and he may do some vicious underhanded things, but he should not be compared to Abdullah the Butcher.

So when it came down to a match between the notorious Ernie Ladd and the ultra-notorious Abdullah the Butcher, the crowd could root for only one person. And that one person was Ernie Ladd, who continues to insist, "They weren't rooting for me. They were worshipping me!"

Whether the crowd was worshipping or rooting for Ernie, they certainly were screaming when he entered the arena. He got such a charge out of the fans, he failed to hear the opening bell. He paraded around the canvas, smiling at the crowd he thought was worshipping him. Ernie flexed his massive arms and thoroughly was enjoying himself.

The crowd tried to warn him as Abdullah moved towards Ernie, but Ladd didn't understand what several fans were trying to tell him. When he did realize, it was too late.

Just as he spun around, Abdullah's closed right fist crashed down upon his head. Ernie staggered. He hadn't even removed his jacket and already he was in trouble. Abdullah rained several more blows upon Ernie's face before hoisting him upon his shoulder and heaving him over the top rope. Ernie crashed upon a press table, splintering it the way a child can break a toothpick.

The crowd booed Abdullah, and his eyes shot daggers of hate back at them. Ladd was on the floor, but at least he was away from Abdullah. As his head cleared, Ernie's eyes lit up with anger. He pulled off his jacket, grabbed a chair and ran back into the ring—chair and all.

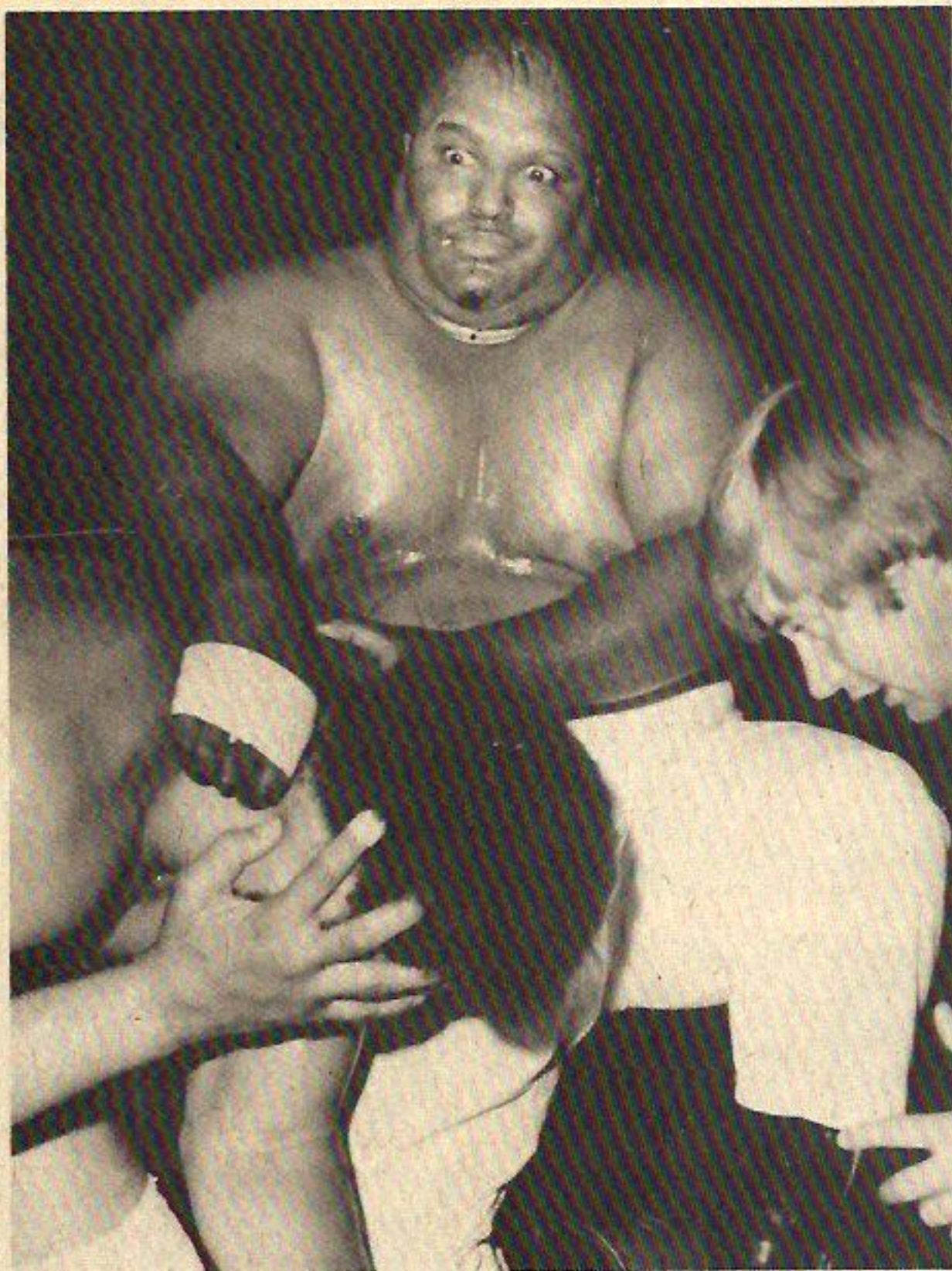
Ernie went after The Butcher with a chair, but Abdullah absorbed most of the blow on his arms. Even so, a nasty cut opened on the upper part of his forehead.

Using the tape wrapped around his right hand, Abdullah quickly raked his hand across Ernie's face. As he staggered about the ring blindly, a huge grin appeared on Abdullah's face.

He then went after Ernie, and pummelled him with clenched fists, despite the referee's repeated warnings to "open your fist." He had the look of a



As he chokes Ernie Ladd, Abdullah is so out of control that he unconsciously bites down on the ring rope! The referee tries to make Abdullah release the illegal chokehold, but he might as well try to stop a river with his hand; both are totally beyond any human control. It's no wonder the fans found themselves cheering Ladd and hoping Abdullah would go down to bloody, ugly defeat.



Above: Abdullah's face shows intense concentration as he digs his fingers into the back of Ladd's neck. Ernie is in intense pain as the nerves and muscles in his neck are being tortured beyond his endurance. Left: Though his skull drips with blood, Abdullah smiles as he prepares to return to the battle and bloody Ernie Ladd.

homicidal maniac as he ripped away at Ernie's head. Once, while trying to choke the life out of Ernie, Abdullah clamped his teeth onto the middle strand of ropes and growled as Ladd struggled vainly to escape from The Butcher's death-like grip.

As Ladd reached his hand out and grabbed the ropes, the referee ordered Abdullah to release his grip. In anger, Abdullah, who still had his teeth clamped onto the ropes, bit off part of the protective rubber coating of the

rope—and swallowed it! They say whales and sharks have swallowed unbelievable objects. No more unbelievable than some of the objects Abdullah has taken into his stomach.

The crowd was near silence as they watched Ladd stumble blindly around the ring, trying so desperately to clear the cobwebs from his mind. Luckily for him, he stayed along the ropes, and the referee kept warning Abdullah to give Ladd a chance to come to the center of the ring.

It didn't take Ernie long to gain his composure. But when he did, a look of rage crossed his face in a way many fans say they've never seen Ladd.

Ernie charged at Abdullah, but The Butcher didn't give up any ground. Ernie first jammed his taped right index finger into Abdullah's left eye. Abdullah howled in agony. Ernie then applied an excruciating nose crusher, and kept it on for at least one minute.

"Rip it off Ernie!" screamed the fans. When Ladd let go, it was only to proceed in clubbing Abdullah again and again. Ladd's arms looked like falling oak trees as they battered Abdullah about the head. As the blood dripped down Abdullah's face, the crowd gave Ladd a screaming, standing ovation. They were near hysteria as Abdullah dropped to his knees, only to be stomped on repeatedly by Ladd who looked as if he had gone crazy.

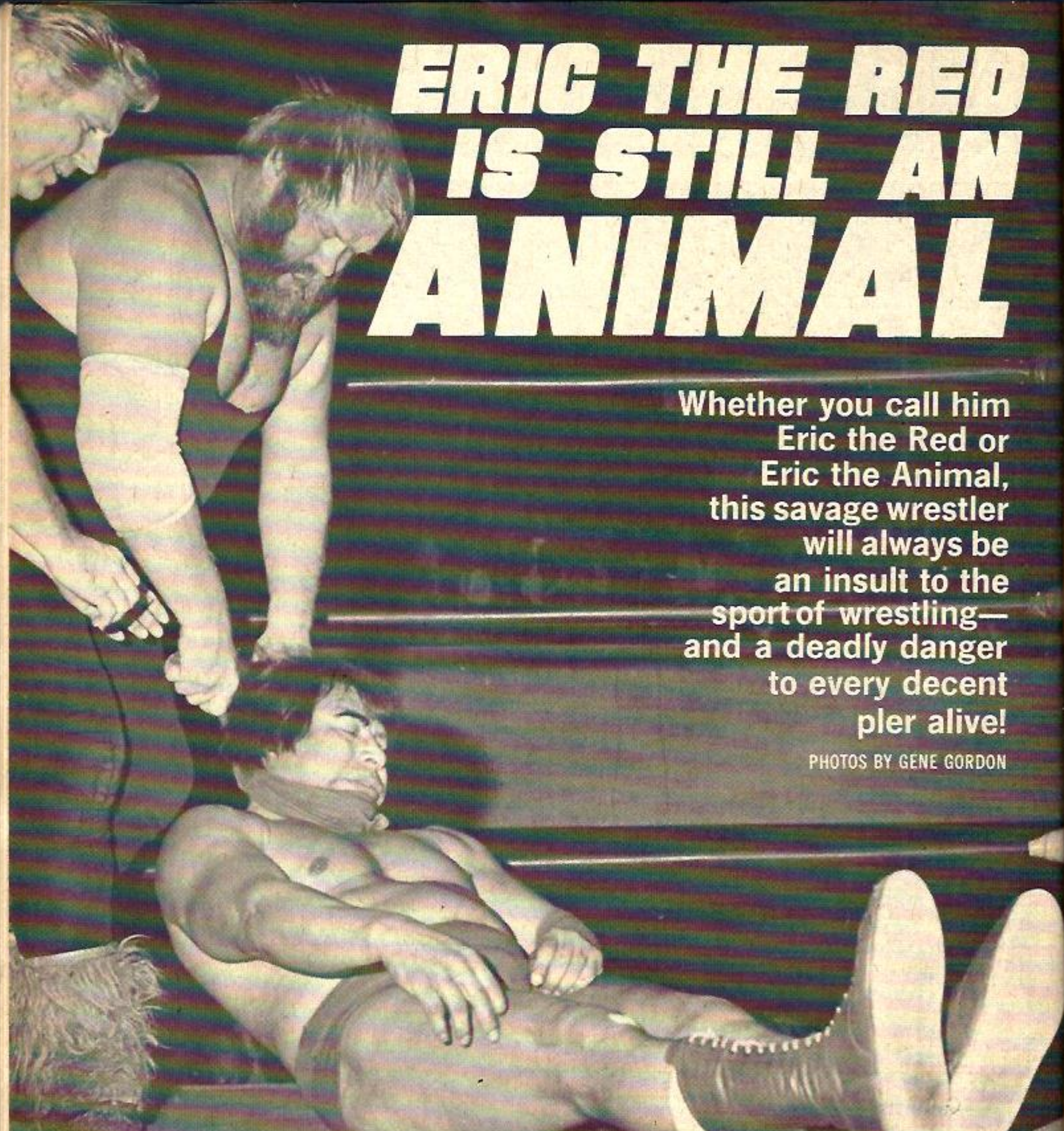
Putting Abdullah in an arm lock, Ernie lifted The Butcher over his head and threw him over the top rope. Abdullah's face was a mask of gore, and he smiled a crazy man's smile at Ladd, who was yelling from the ring, "Get back in here, you overstuffed Geek!"

Instead of going back for more punishment, Abdullah threw his hands up and began walking back to his dressing room. The fans laughed at him and threw their programs at the beaten, bloody madman. When he was hit by a fish, Abdullah picked it up, wiped it off on his chest, and shoved it into his mouth. It's nothing new.

Meanwhile, Ladd was strutting around the ring acknowledging the screams of the crowd, believing they were worshiping him, never figuring they were congratulating him for his whipping of Abdullah the Butcher.

"I am their king," said Ladd over and over in his dressing room.

Will Ernie Ladd's new-found love affair with the fans make him a changed man? We'll just have to wait and see. □



ERIC THE RED IS STILL AN ANIMAL

Whether you call him
Eric the Red or
Eric the Animal,
this savage wrestler
will always be
an insult to the
sport of wrestling—
and a deadly danger
to every decent
wrestler alive!

PHOTOS BY GENE GORDON

AN ANIMAL by any other name is still an animal. This was proven when Eric the Animal changed his name to Eric the Red. The name was changed, but the wrestler was still the same.

For years, Eric the Animal was feared and hated by the entire wrestling community. His tactics were savagely merciless. He would torture helpless victims with unconcealed delight. To watch him grapple was to

learn to what depths a human being can sink.

When Eric the Animal began to call himself Eric the Red, people hoped it meant a change of heart for this reprehensible athlete. It didn't take long for them to realize it was an empty hope.

In the first match Eric was introduced as "Eric the Red," he broke an opponent's arm with a cruelly illegal tactic. All hopes of Eric becoming an athlete instead of an assassin van-

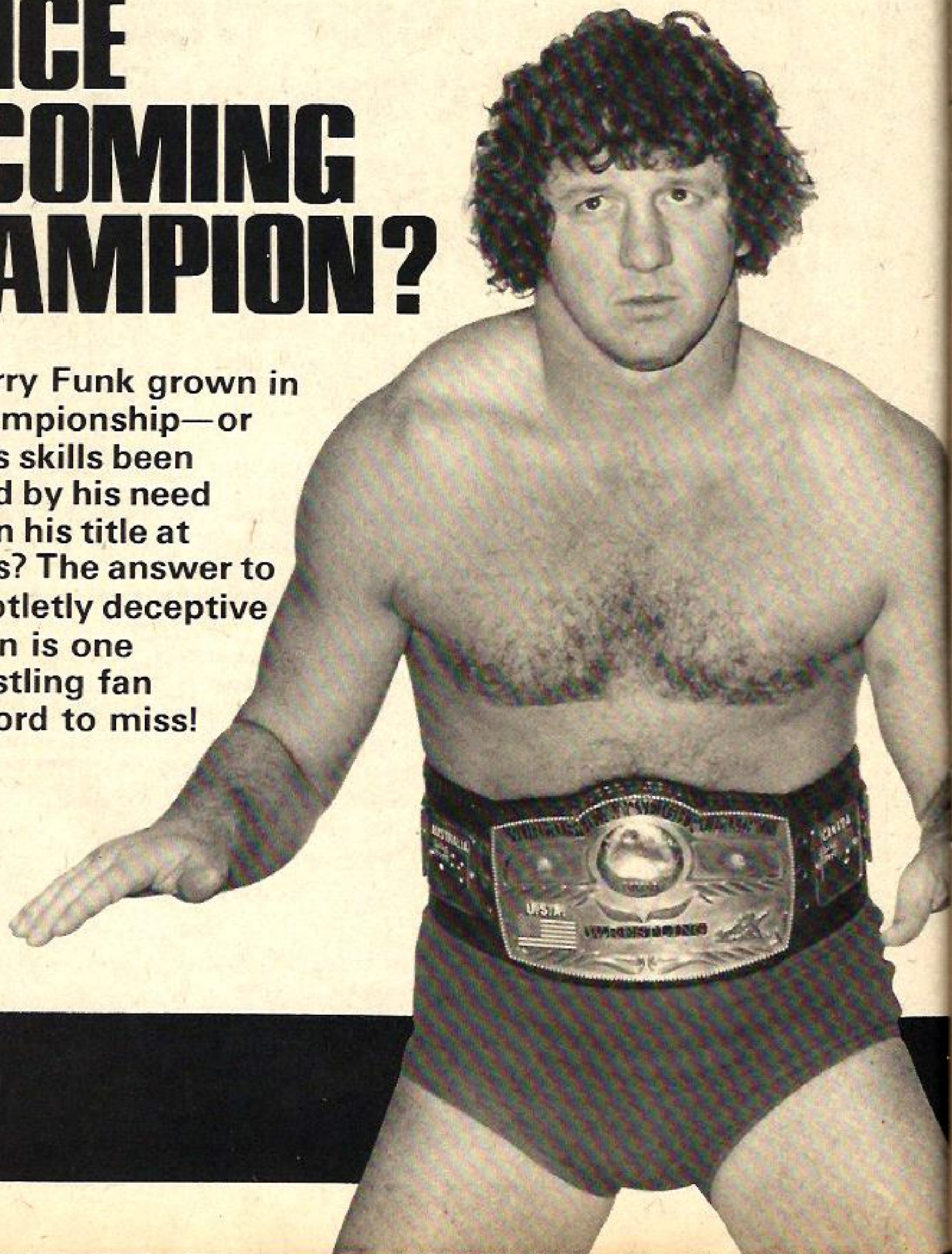
ished. The name changed, but that was the only difference.

What has changed is Eric's decision to get out from under one manager. Instead of a single mind guiding him, the grappler has a variety of managers, all obligated to obey the strange athlete's every wish. Eric is more and more becoming his own man—and that can only mean trouble for everyone!

"When he had a manager," Nelson
(Continued on page 50)

IS TERRY FUNK A BETTER WRESTLER SINCE BECOMING CHAMPION?

Has Terry Funk grown in the championship—or have his skills been debased by his need to retain his title at all costs? The answer to this subtly deceptive question is one no wrestling fan can afford to miss!



JACK BRISCO

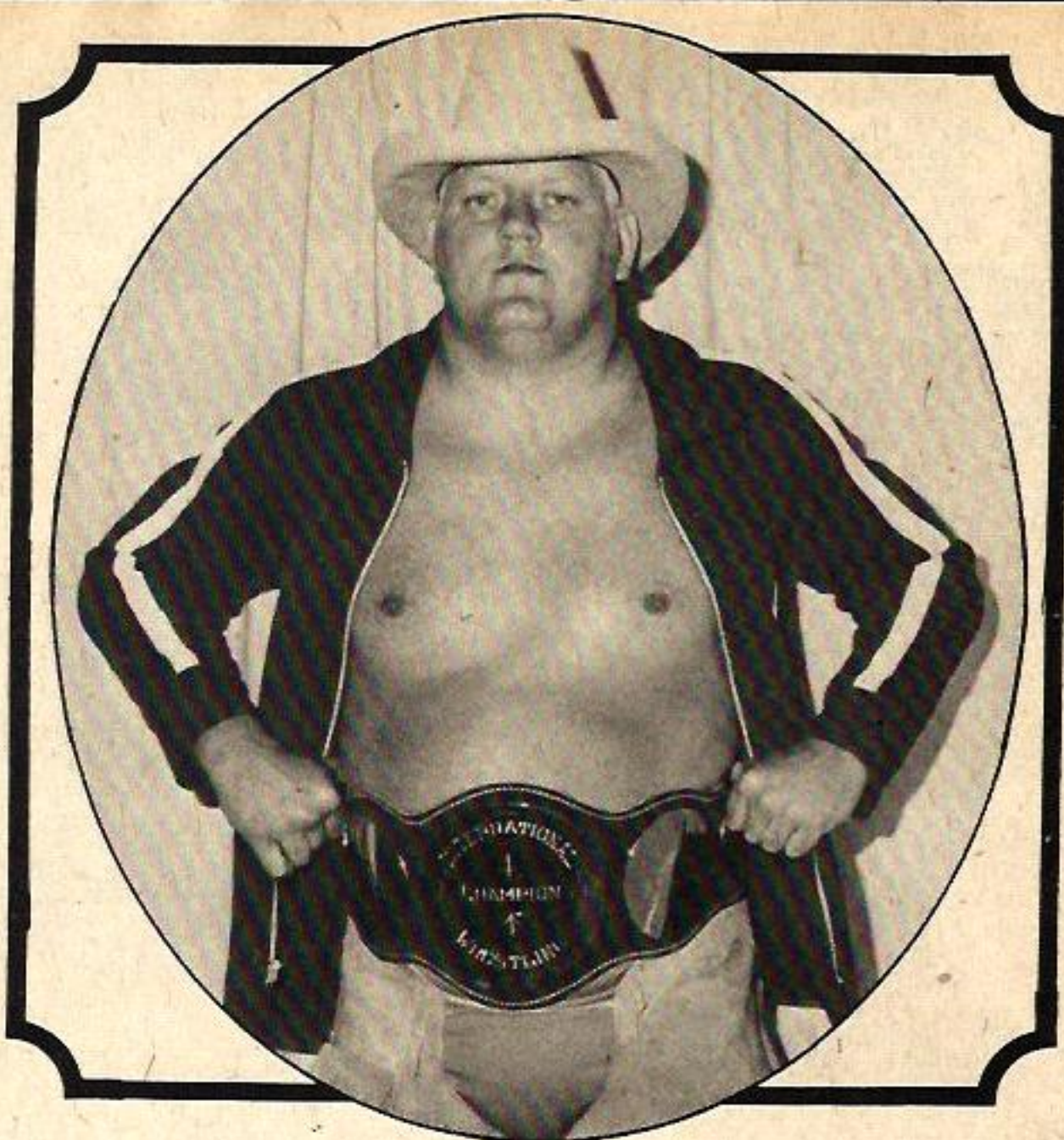
EVER SINCE I lost my NWA title to Terry Funk, I believe something has happened to the man. And what has happened is not good. I think he has fallen into a rut. It happens all the time to athletes, and men in other walks of life as well. Some men, when they reach the top, have a sort of letdown. All their hard work finally catches up with them. This is what I believe has happened to Terry Funk. I don't see him executing fancy moves any more, and I don't think he has worked on any new moves since winning the championship belt. He may snap out of whatever he's in, but I don't think so. Before he realizes it, that title belt will be snatched away from him. Then he'll wake up, but it'll be too late. I'll tell you this—if I ever get a chance to regain my championship, I have no doubt I'll be the one to separate Terry from the NWA belt. Funk should be able to see it. The handwriting is on the wall. □

ROCKY JOHNSON

HAS TERRY FUNK gotten better since winning the championship? That's what you asked me. Well, I must give you two answers. My first answer is yes, he has gotten better. But I've gotten even better than him. If he has improved 100 per cent, I have improved 110 per cent. My second answer is, Terry Funk has gotten luckier. He could be the luckiest wrestler in the world. Why, I beat him from here to eternity—and back again. As everybody knows, I should be the one wearing the NWA belt. I knew I'd beat him that night. I was really confident. What surprised me was the ease with which I took him apart. One second to go. A man doesn't get any luckier than that. Oh, I don't want to dwell on that any more. I just know what will happen to Terry the next time we meet, and I understand that's going to be soon. Although he's a better wrestler now than he was before becoming champion, I've improved plenty, as I mentioned. Have pity for him. □

DICK MURDOCH

TERRY HAS GOTTEN better, much better. He is on the go four, five, sometimes even six times a week against men who are always trying their hardest to win his title. For them it may be their only chance at ever becoming a world champion. With that kind of competition facing him, Terry has to be good. Anything other than the top of his form could cost him his title. Nothing is easy when you're the champion. Everybody is out to get you. Contrary to what you may believe, a champion never has an easy match or a soft opponent. On any given night against any given opponent, a champion can become an ex-champion. This is why I believe Terry Funk has become a better wrestler. Tough competition always brings out the best in any athlete. And the best of Terry Funk is about as good as you're going to find. I think it's unquestionable that right now, he is better than at any other time in his career. The fact that nobody has taken his title up until now only proves that he has become a better wrestler. □



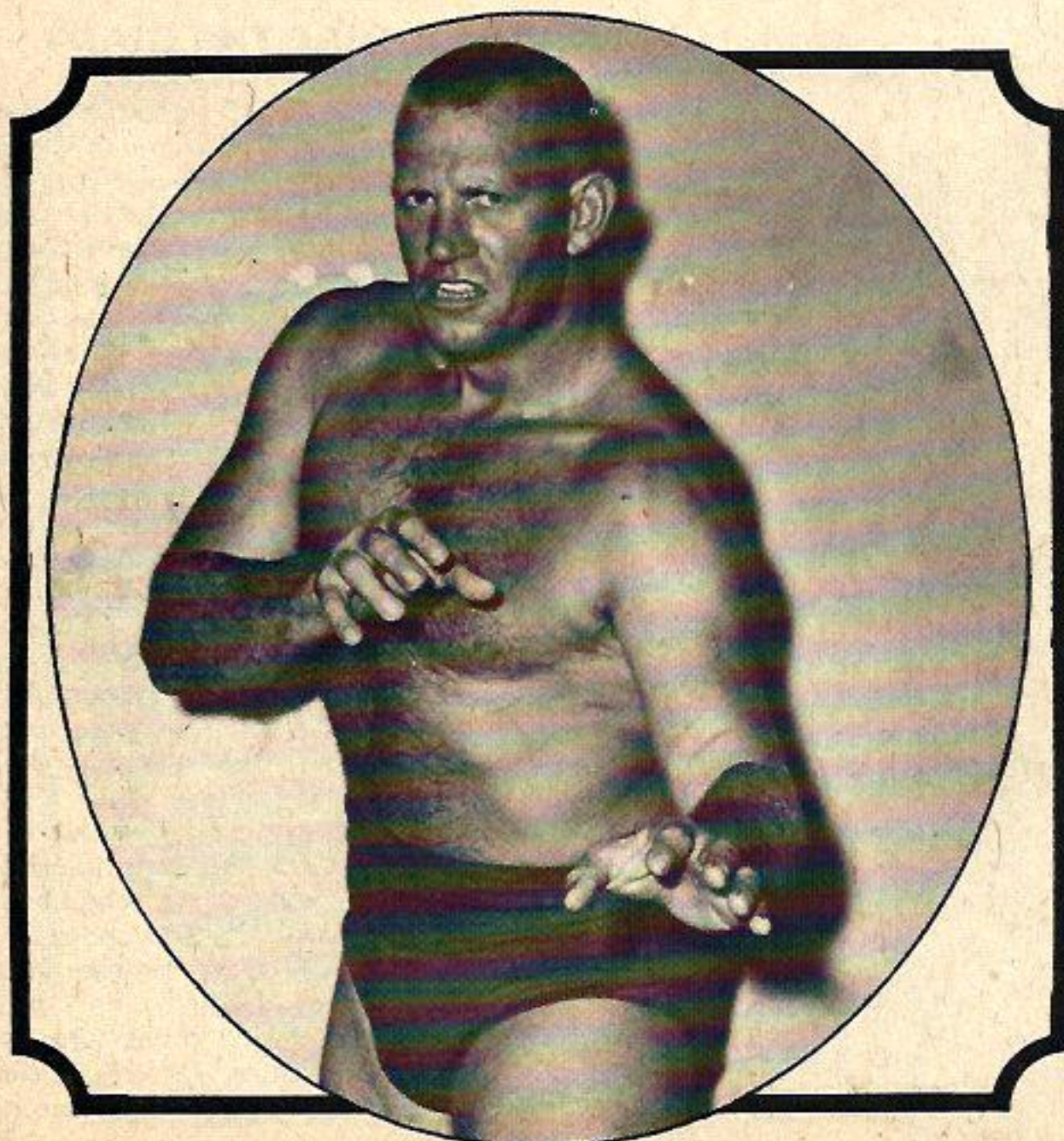
MR. WRESTLING II

A FEW YEARS ago, if you had asked me if I thought Terry Funk possessed the qualities to become a wrestler of championship calibre, I would have told you, "No sir." And I firmly believed that. I just didn't think he had the guts, the moves, the strength, and the agility that goes into the making of a champion. But then, Terry was only developing a few years ago. He has improved in every aspect of this manly sport at least 1,000 per cent in just a couple of years. Many wrestlers suffer physical and emotional letdowns from the extensive amount of traveling they have to do. They're on the road all the time, and let me tell you, it takes something out of you. I happen to handle that kind of pressure real well. So does Terry. That's just something else I found out about him. You gotta keep a mental book on all these guys. Don't give them any kind of edge. He's far from being the biggest guy in this sport, but he's got a heart that, from what I've seen, just won't quit. Terry Funk has improved immensely, and sadly enough for his opponents, he's still getting better. □



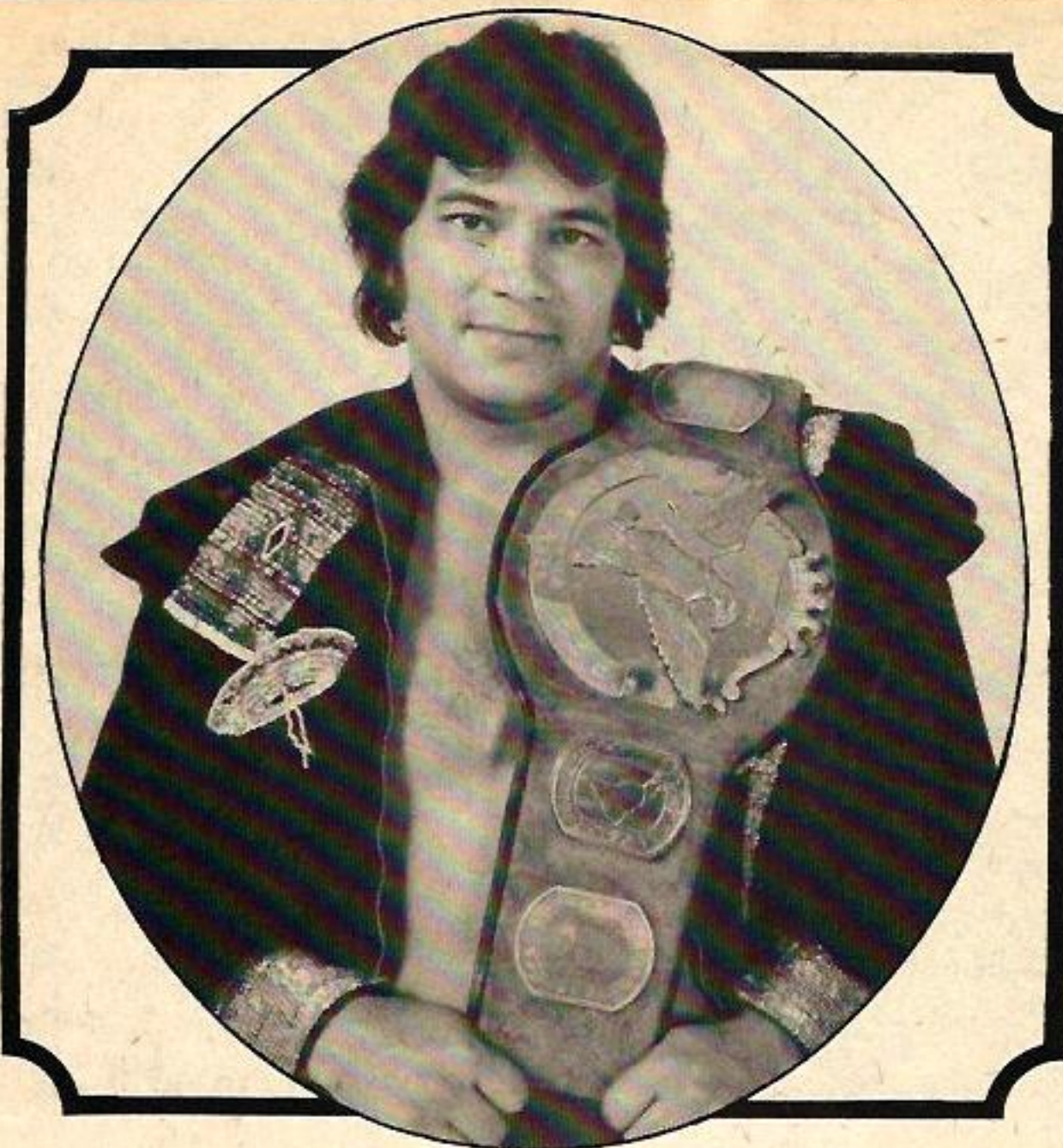
DUSTY RHODES

LOOK WHO YOU'RE asking that question to. The inimitable Dusty Rhodes, the man's man of wrestling. Has Terry Funk become a better wrestler since becoming champion? In comparison to who? In comparison to *me*? If that's what you want to know, then it's a silly question. Of course he hasn't. He wasn't a better wrestler than me before he won the title, he wasn't a better wrestler than me the night he won the title, he still isn't a better wrestler than this masculine hunk of power, and he'll never be as good as me. It's as simple as that! Now, if you want to know if I think if Terry Funk has improved in comparison with other wrestlers, well, that's different. He has, but only a little bit. He's got a long way to go. I really hope he doesn't try to imitate me. I mean, a lot of these young hotshots want to be like me, and I can understand that. But I've seen too many potentially talented youngsters get ripped apart when they try to do the rings I do. Terry may have improved a bit, but baby, he's got a long way to go. □



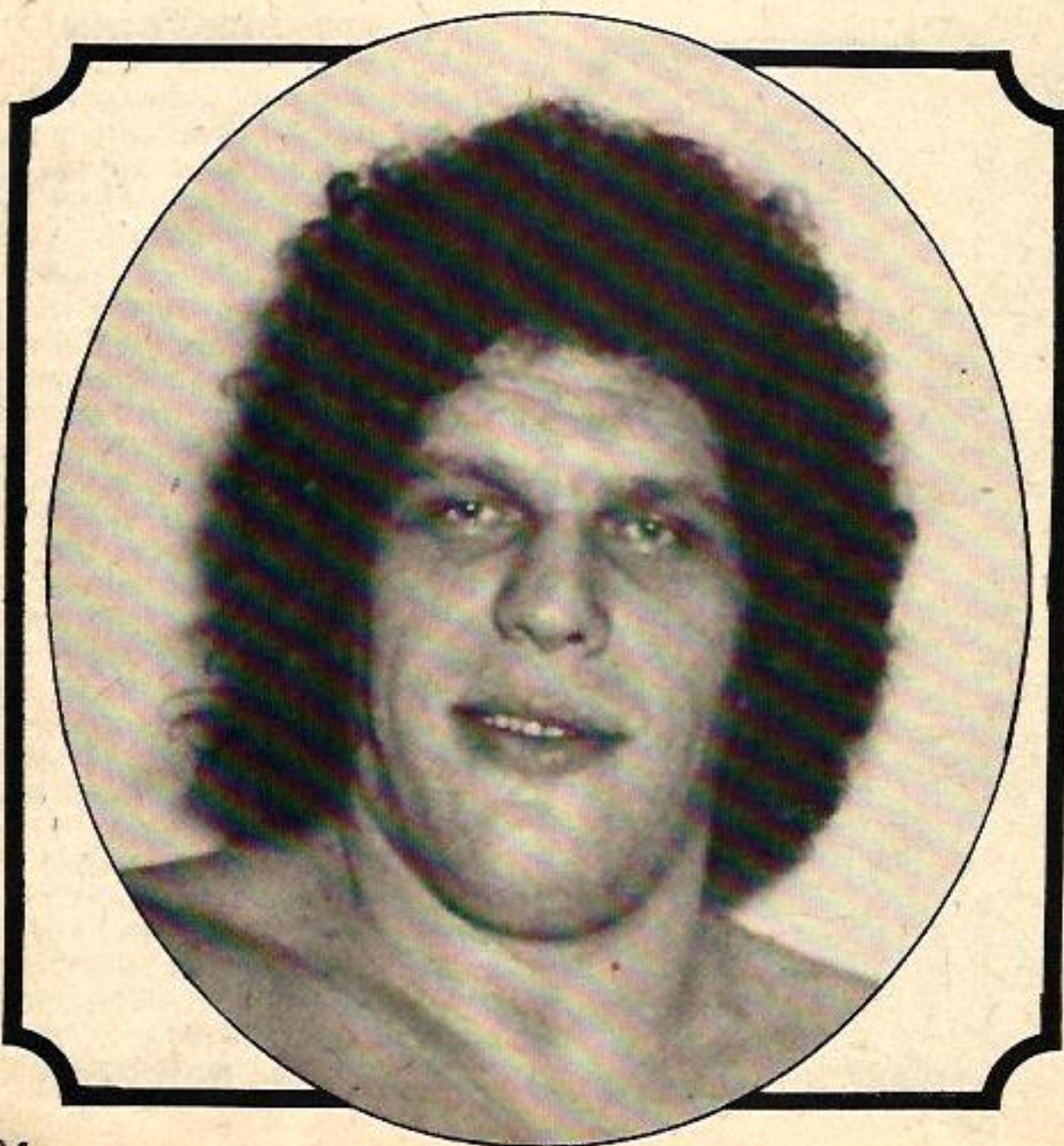
FRITZ VON ERICH

IHAVE SEEN Terry grow from a daring young wrestler into the champion he is now. He's got a lot of things going for him. He's got great moves—that I'll give the punk kid credit for. But that temper! He's got to learn to control it. Not that I care, but if he wants to take some advice from a great wrestler, he had better learn when to switch that temper on and when to switch it off. He's a hot-head, it's that simple. And because he's such a hothead, he doesn't always think. He doesn't use his noggin. If he wasn't such a hothead, I'd have to say he had many qualities of a veteran. But despite the improvements he has made over the past few years, I still don't believe he's that sensational. There are many wrestlers I can name who could wrap that NWA belt around his neck if given the chance. Even on his best night he would have trouble getting past several guys who I have already taken apart—virtually with one hand. You want to know who one of those wrestlers are? I'll tell you: Fritz Von Erich. □



CHAVO GUERRERO

ARE YOU SERIOUS? Asking me if Terry Funk has become a better wrestler is like asking for trouble. Are you asking for trouble? Anybody who knows anything about wrestling will tell you the same thing—Terry Funk cannot wrestle at all. Not even a little bit! We've wrestled several times before, and I have whipped him without even trying. Why, I can't even get myself psyched to wrestle him. I mean, it's bound to be no contest every time. The guy is nothing, nothing at all. But then, I have sincerely got to admit that he has gotten better since winning the NWA title. There was no way he could have gotten worse. Even trying his shoelace by himself would have made him a better wrestler. You can tell how bad he is just by watching him. I can pick out mistakes in any wrestler—mistakes the average fan would never be able to see. When I watch Terry Funk I laugh myself sick. I wouldn't lead you wrong. His days as champion are numbered. Why, he's so fragile, he'll probably hurt himself clipping his toenails one day.



ANDRE THE GIANT

TERRY FUNK IS a good wrestler. In fact, he is a much better wrestler than people give him credit for. Do you remember the battle he waged against me? I never thought he was so strong. I went into that match, and if you recall, I was challenging him for his belt, figuring I would wipe the floor with him. Quite honestly, I was in for the surprise of my life. He wasn't giving up that belt, not without putting up one good struggle. On that night, nobody could have beaten him, and I do mean nobody! I'm just sorry I took him too lightly. You don't become a wrestling champion by not being good and by not being talented. I think I underrated Terry in every possible way. He's stronger than people realize, faster than he's given credit for, more agile, and so much more skillful and talented than I ever realized. But when I say Terry is strong, everybody had better listen. If I am impressed with this man's strength, can you imagine what any other wrestler would think. Sure, Terry Funk has only gotten better since becoming champion. □

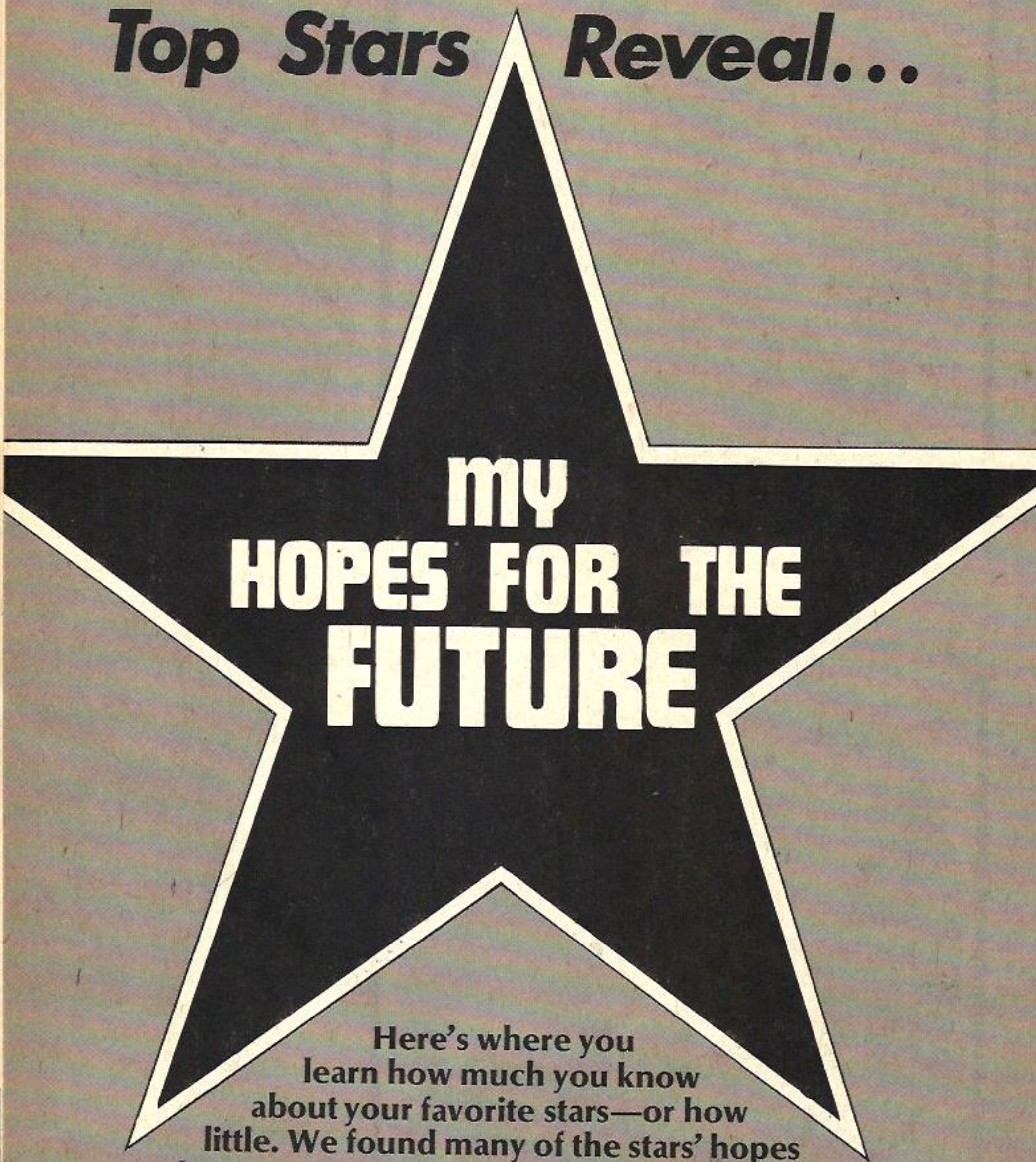
PAUL JONES

IF THERE EVER was a tough wrestler, it has to be Terry Funk. And if there ever was an overrated wrestler, it has to be Terry Funk. Yeah, that's right. I'll give the guy credit for being tough, but that's about it. I say that because I once gave him quite a beating. Anybody who would continue to wrestle, with the prospect of having to face me again, has to have some degree of toughness in him. But the guy is not at all scientific. Ever since winning the title, he has really reached into his bag of tricks. He'll stop at nothing to win. Terry doesn't know the meaning of scientific wrestling. Why, he'd be nothing if he had to wrestle every match using scientific tactics. He's definitely a smarter wrestler than ever before, that I have to give him credit for. But he does have weak spots and he can be beaten. It'll take a smarter wrestler with better skills. I know just the guy to take the belt from him—me! □

MARK LEWIN

HAS TERRY FUNK gotten to be a better wrestler since becoming champion? No way! He wasn't that good to begin with, and he still isn't that good. He isn't one-quarter the man his father was. Make that one-eighth! It's amazing how different father and son could be. There is nothing outstanding about Terry. He's not that fast, he's not terribly strong, his moves are without grace, and his brains take a long time to click into gear. You figure Terry would have at least picked up some of his father's cleverness. But no, there is no trait in Terry Funk that would remind you of his father. I faced Terry before he won the title, and I beat him quite easily. Do you have any idea how easy I'd pick him apart now? Just look, I beat him with no trouble a few years ago. Since that time, I have improved in every area of the sport. Terry Funk has not improved one bit. In fact, he's actually gone back. The man has retrogressed. I just hope I get my title shot soon, because if I don't, Terry Funk is going to lose the belt to some clown who is as undeserving to wear it as he is. Do you hear me, Terry? □

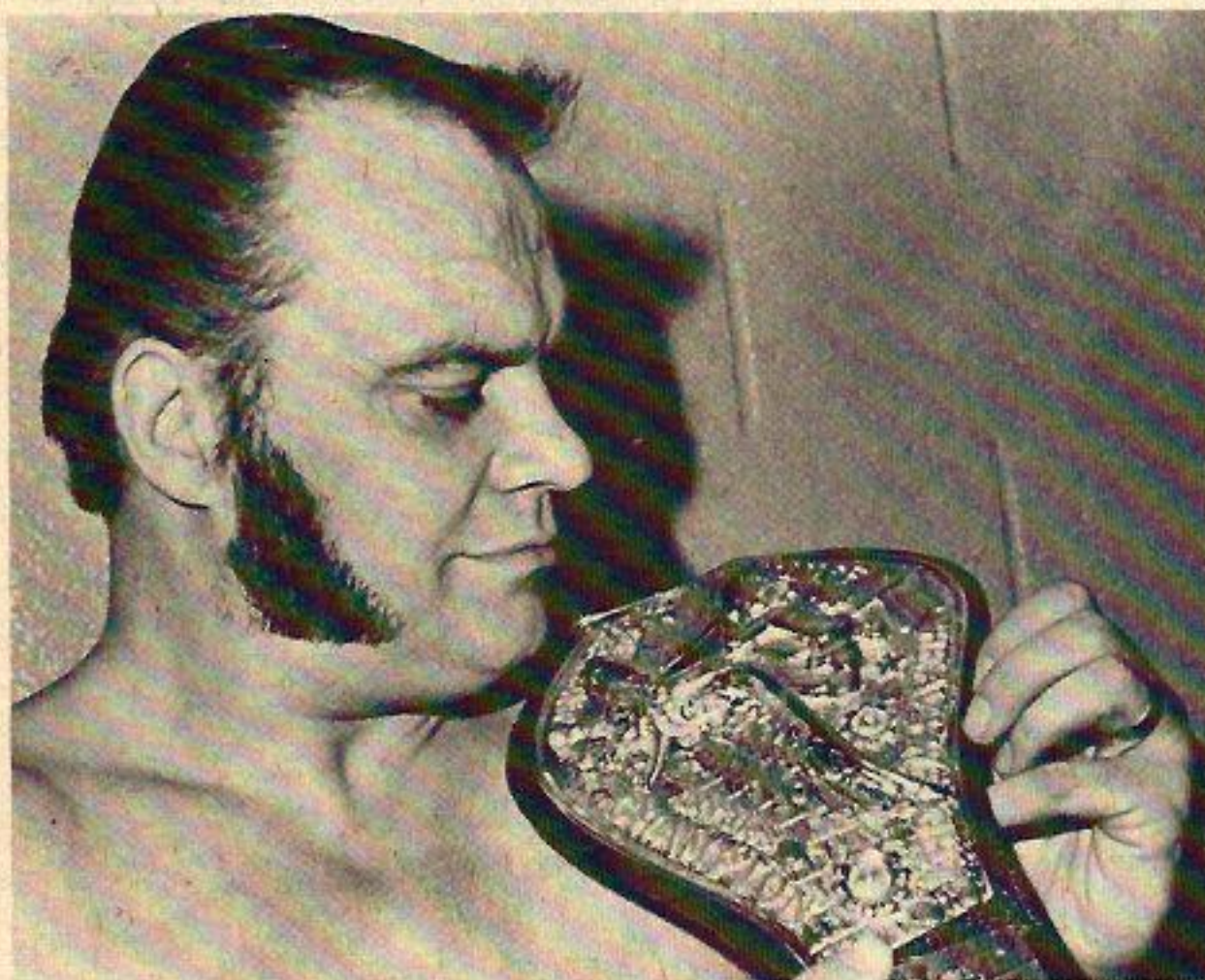
Wrestling's Top Stars Reveal...



my HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

Here's where you learn how much you know about your favorite stars—or how little. We found many of the stars' hopes to be surprising—and in some cases, horrifying!

STAN STASIAK



A YEAR TO DEFEAT BRUNO

MORTGAGE YOUR HOUSE, sell your furniture, and find some bookie dumb enough to bet against me becoming the next WWWF champion. No way possible I'm not going to take Bruno Sammartino's championship from him during 1977.

I've been waiting for years to get a chance to regain my title. Finally, Sammartino is silly enough to give me a chance, a chance four years overdue! Well, one chance is all I need.

I've been studying Sammartino—as if he had to be taken seriously. He's a simple peasant, not too bright or skillful. He can be easily beaten with the right methods. And I know the right methods.

I can't see how Sammartino can retain his title until June. His neck injury is a lot worse than most people think, a whole lot worse. It has destroyed at least 80% of his mobility and taken away a lot of his strength. Sammartino is finished. It just takes a while for less intelli-



gent people (like the fans) to find out.

To be really honest, I don't give a damn about the WWWF title itself. The entire association is filled with the worst sort of crybabies and liars. What they said about me when I was around would get me angry if they weren't so stupid! So, as far as I'm concerned, they can take their belt and choke themselves with it—and take a few thousand fans along with them!

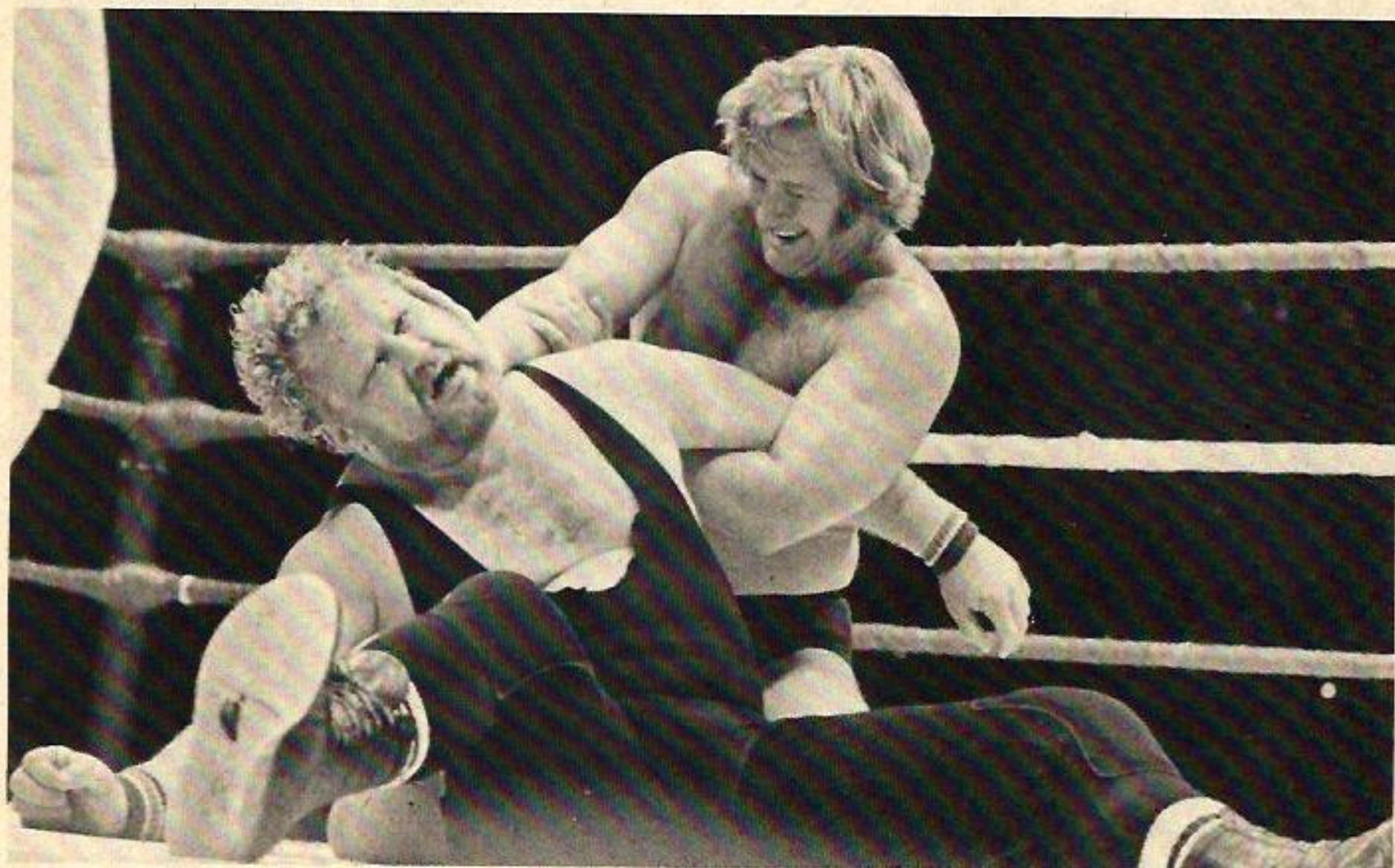
I just want to shut the mouths of people who think Sammartino is a better wrestler than me. This year, I'll prove I'm the best wrestler who ever lived! Last time, when Sammartino took my title, the referee and timekeeper were paid off. They deliberately made it impossible for me to win. Sammartino is always doing things like that. Nothing breeds success like bribes.

Well, this time it's all going to be different. I'm going to find an honest referee (from outside the corrupt WWWF stable of official lackeys) and we'll have a real match. The only thing stopping me will be Sammartino's fear of being in a match in which he hasn't bribed the referee. Even Bruno isn't too old for new experiences!

I'm not sure what kind of champion I'll be. I may just pawn the belt and buy myself a cheap dinner with the money. I owe nothing to the lousy association or its lousier fans. In fact, I'd like to win the title in another area and never see their filthy faces at all! However, I would miss seeing the sorrow on their faces when Sammartino is reduced to a zucchini.

That's my promise for 1977. Fans, prepare to bid a sad farewell to the biggest louse of all—Bruno Sammartino. Stan Stasiak is finishing him off but good! □

NICK BOCKWINKLE



A YEAR OF TITLE GLORY

THE WRESTLING PROFESSION is now entering the era of Nick Bockwinkle. Prepare to worship the emperor! Ready yourselves to bow to Nick Bockwinkle.

This is the year when I'm going to make it all happen. My craft will never be more perfectly exhausted. The strategies it has taken me years to perfect will finally be integrated into the supreme wrestling persona—me! I only wish I could watch me so I could get the same thrill the spectators do. You people are so lucky to have me to watch.

The AWA title will be recognized as the most prestigious honor in sport! No other championship in any other sport will be so revered by the fans. People will say "AWA" in hushed voices, like they talk about the President of the United States. Actually, the President will soon be the *second* most

famous man in the country.

By April of 1977 there won't be a man in wrestling considered a legitimate contender for my title. I'll have beaten them all. There will be nothing left of them but their shattered dreams.

Of course, wrestlers from all over the world will then try to get a title shot against me. I'll destroy them all, one by one. If the rush gets too heavy, I'll defeat four or five of them a night. Nick Bockwinkle is invincible.

By September, there will be no one in the entire profession fit to lick my boots. Actually, there's no one fit to do that now, but by late summer I'll have proved it. I'll close out the year as the acknowledged king of all I survey.

I think by November I'll be battling two men at a time for the title. Take the two least offensive contenders and see if they can get together and defeat me. I doubt it, as there aren't two men cap-

able of defeating me, but I think the fans would like to see them fail. There are going to be a lot of failures in pro wrestling when I'm through with them!

This will be the year of Nick Bockwinkle, so I think the fans should get prepared. By about July I think it would be a nice thing for the nation to have "Nick Bockwinkle Day." I'd go to Washington, address a joint session of Congress, and get the highest medal this nation can offer—of course, a new category will be have to made to fit my exalted position. No medal yet is dignified enough for me.

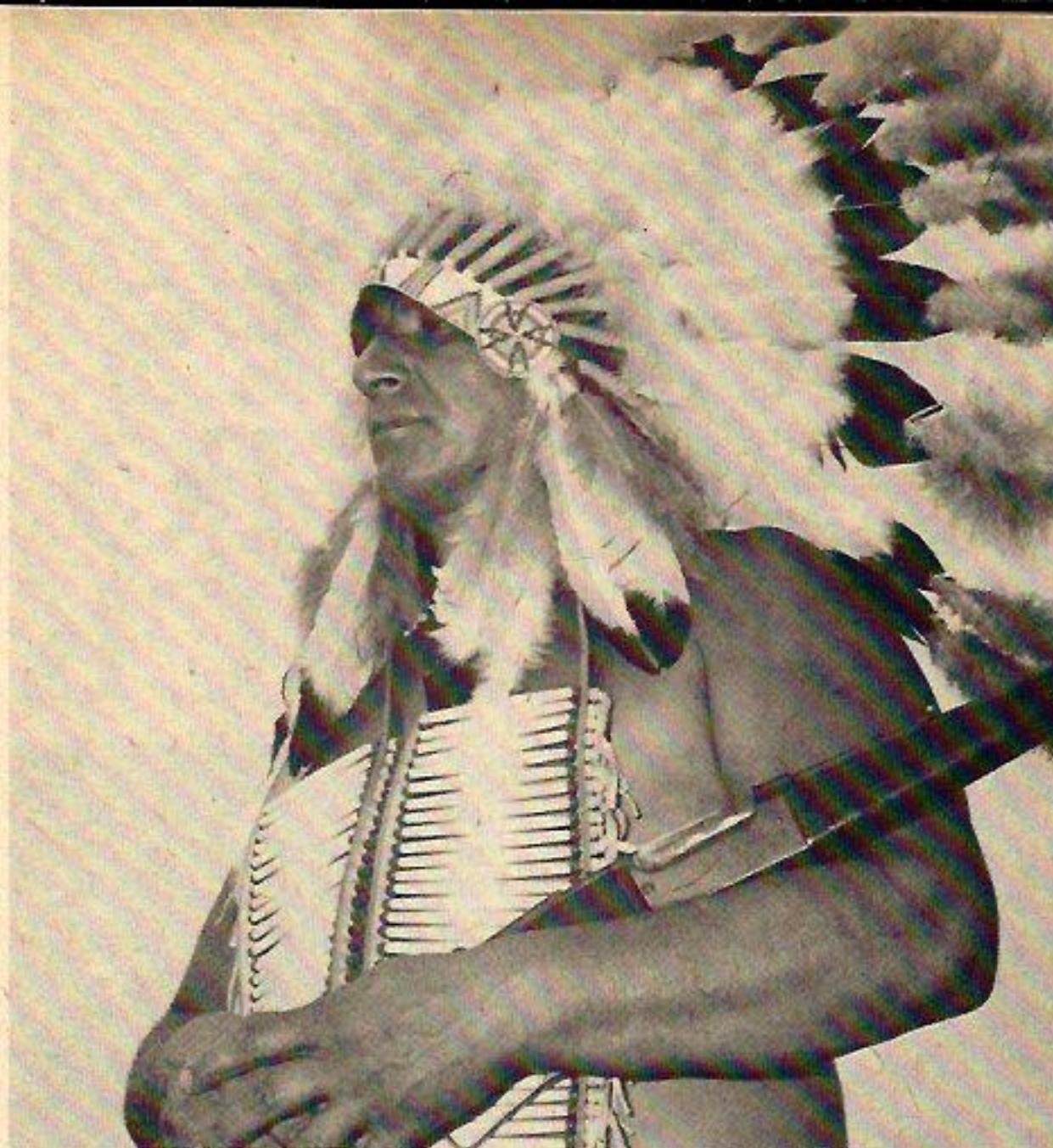
Naturally, all other wrestlers will be buried beneath my greatness. Sometimes I feel sorry for the other guys; not bad athletes doomed to be ignored as I'm worshipped. Well, that's the breaks, guys.

This is the year of Nick Bockwinkle. Sit back and enjoy it. I will. □

I HAVE BEEN blessed during my career to have the love and respect of the fans. They have cheered me on to victory and comforted me in defeat. Without them, I would never have had the courage to go on.

This year, I hope to make a small contribution to a debt I can never repay. I'm dedicating this year to the fans. I'll do what they want and aid them where I can. I'll be the man they can turn to when things get rough.

I plan to go all over the world, helping to right the wrongs I see. If the fans need some rulebreaker driven out of the area, all they need to do is write a letter asking for my help. If it is at all possible, I'll come running.



CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW

A YEAR TO REPAY HIS FANS

There will no no risks too great to take. I'm ready to risk the rest of my career on whatever will make the fans happy. They're my only consideration this year. The fans deserve no less.

I remember the tough times I had when I was first starting out. There were nights after defeats when I thought of quitting the whole thing. Only the faith of the fans kept me going. I remember one night in particular. A wily veteran had made me look a fool. I was too embarrassed to show my face in public. I snuck out the back entrance and ran

to the nearest restaurant, ready to have a farewell dinner to wrestling.

After I sat down, a young man came over to me. He said something that made me know I wasn't eating my last dinner as a wrestler.

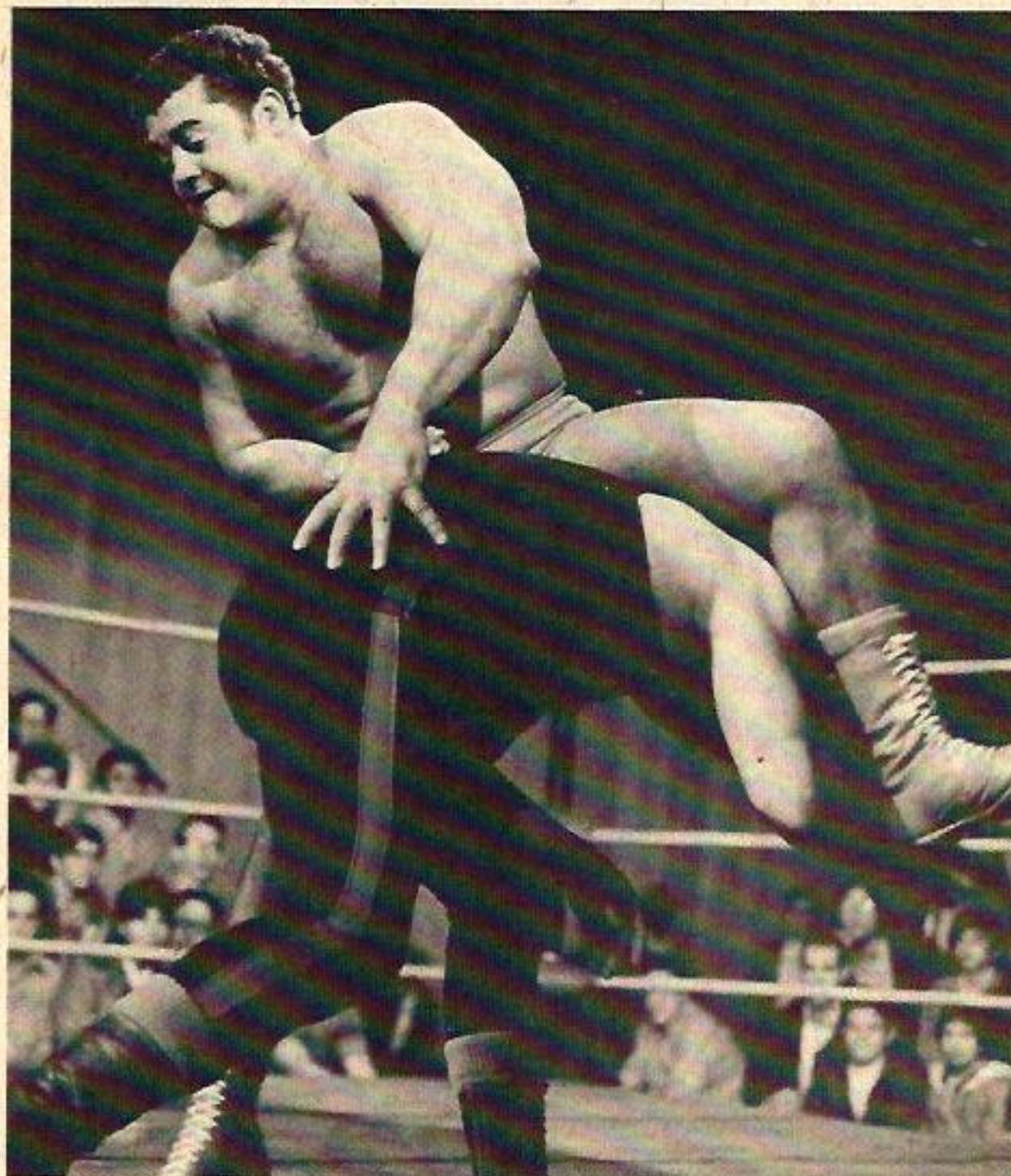
"It's doesn't matter if you won or lost tonight," he said, "all we care about is that you remain who you are. We get a great deal of pleasure knowing there are decent guys like you in the sport. We're counting on you to remain the wonderful guy you are. We, my friends and I, know someday you'll be one of the greatest. Can I have your auto-

graph?"

I've never enjoyed signing an autograph book so much. And I've always tried to live up to that young man's hopes. A few years ago, I heard he had died in Viet Nam saving his buddies. A man doesn't run away from the memory of a man that brave. I only hope to be half the man he was.

If there's a battle to be fought, I'll be there. I'm willing to let this year be my last if it will help the fans. They've given me more years of success than any man deserves. I dedicate 1977 to them. □

PEDRO MORALES A YEAR TO COMEBACK



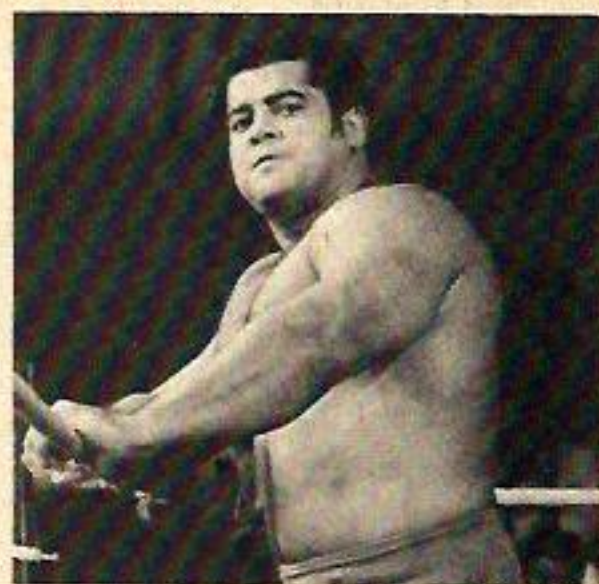
A LOT OF time and places have come between me and the WWWF title I lost in 1973. I've gone far enough to know where I want to go. Sometimes you have to go a long distance out of your way in order to come back a short distance correctly.

This year, I'm determined to win a major title. I've been learning these past few years, expanding my knowledge and skills. Strategies I

never had time to master as champion have become permanent parts of my repertoire. I'm a much better wrestler now than I was in 1973.

Also, I know what I want to do now. I've looked the field over and I know exactly where my ambitions lie. A lot of wrestlers don't need a championship to feel fulfilled. I'm not one of them.

I'm at my best in championship



competition. I need the edge of a title match to make me do my best. I've found I can wrestle well without a belt on the line, but I always feel there's something missing. The desperation to win isn't there without a title. I need to feel the adrenalin accompanying a championship match to be at my best.

If I don't get a title shot soon, I'm afraid my skills will get sloppy. All the hard work I've done since losing my belt will go to waste. The time for experimentation is over. The time for a title is now.

I've been negotiating with the AWA for a title shot. The plans are still pretty vague as we sound each other out. However, their offer has come at a time when I'm pretty restless. They're making it very easy for me to make the move.

I know a lot of people are afraid if I stay on the west coast, my other interests will keep me from devoting necessary time to wrestling. At times, though I'd hate to leave this great place behind, I have to agree with them. There's a very exciting world in California. It may be too exciting for any man to concentrate on athletics.

I want the tension and excitement of title competition. I don't know where I'll find it or against whom. All three champions are great wrestlers; all will be difficult to defeat in different ways. I've developed strategies that should work against all of them. I'm certainly determined to try. This will be the year Pedro Morales is gloriously successful, or goes down in a blaze of glory. I want to shoot for the stars.

No man can hope to be champion without the support of the fans. The thousands of people who have cheered me through the years will never be appreciated more than in these next few months. I'll need their help more than ever. I can promise I'll never do anything to betray their trust.

I'm excited about 1977. I only hope I'll be satisfied at the beginning of 1978. □

MIL MASCARAS

A YEAR OF DECISION

AS A MAN'S fame grows, so do his responsibilities. I've been very fortunate, life has been good to me. It may have been too good.

A man's career should be given his full attention. If he embarks on more than one career, everything suffers. I have three distinct careers. I can't help feeling they all suffer because none get my full attention.

Most important to me, I'm a wrestler. I see that as a constantly changing, expanding profession. Subtleties have to be learned and perfected. Each opponent deserves consideration. You can't expect to be successful if you're not 100% involved in the sport.

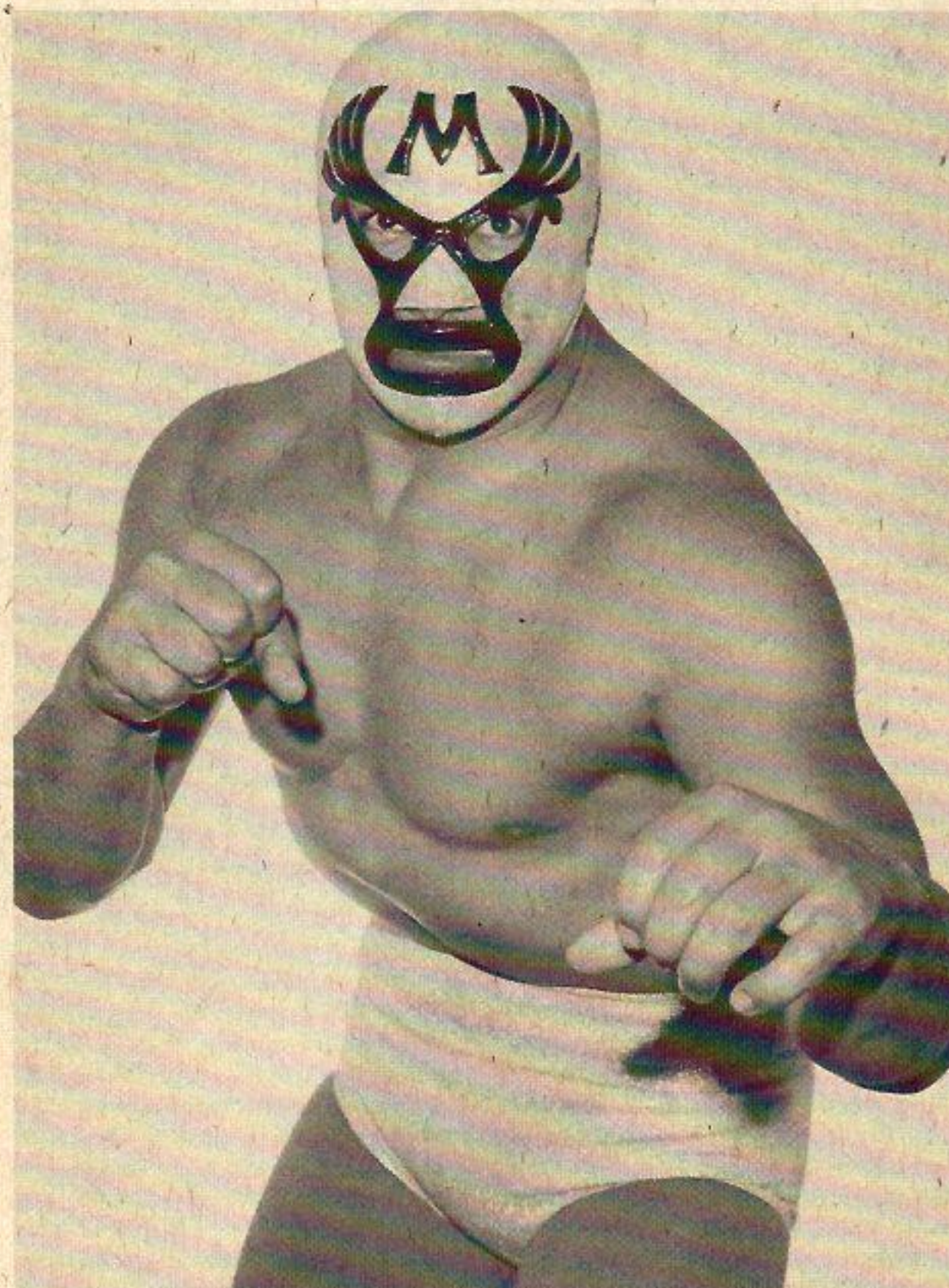
As most fans know, I'm also a movie actor in Mexico. It's an exciting but demanding vocation. It requires a lot of study and hard work. Again, the subtleties between good and great can take a lifetime to learn. The time I devote acting must be time taken from wrestling. It is time that can't be spared.

More and more, I find myself drawn into business enterprises. They're demanding and complex. The decisions I must make are taking more and more of my time as the stakes get higher and higher. What started out as a simple investment has become a series of time-consuming enterprises. It's not fair to the employees or myself to give less time than necessary to these businesses.

This year, I must decide the future of Mil Mascaras. I can no longer pretend to keep three different careers going at the same time. I must decide how far I can go in all directions.

A professional athlete's career is comparatively short. I can probably be a successful wrestler for another two decades. Yet I don't know how much longer I can be as good as I should be. When I stop being able to execute my acrobatic skills perfectly—and I'll be the first to know—then I'll take off my mask and retire.

I have to determine how many years I can continue doing my maneuvers at optimum efficiency. I'd be



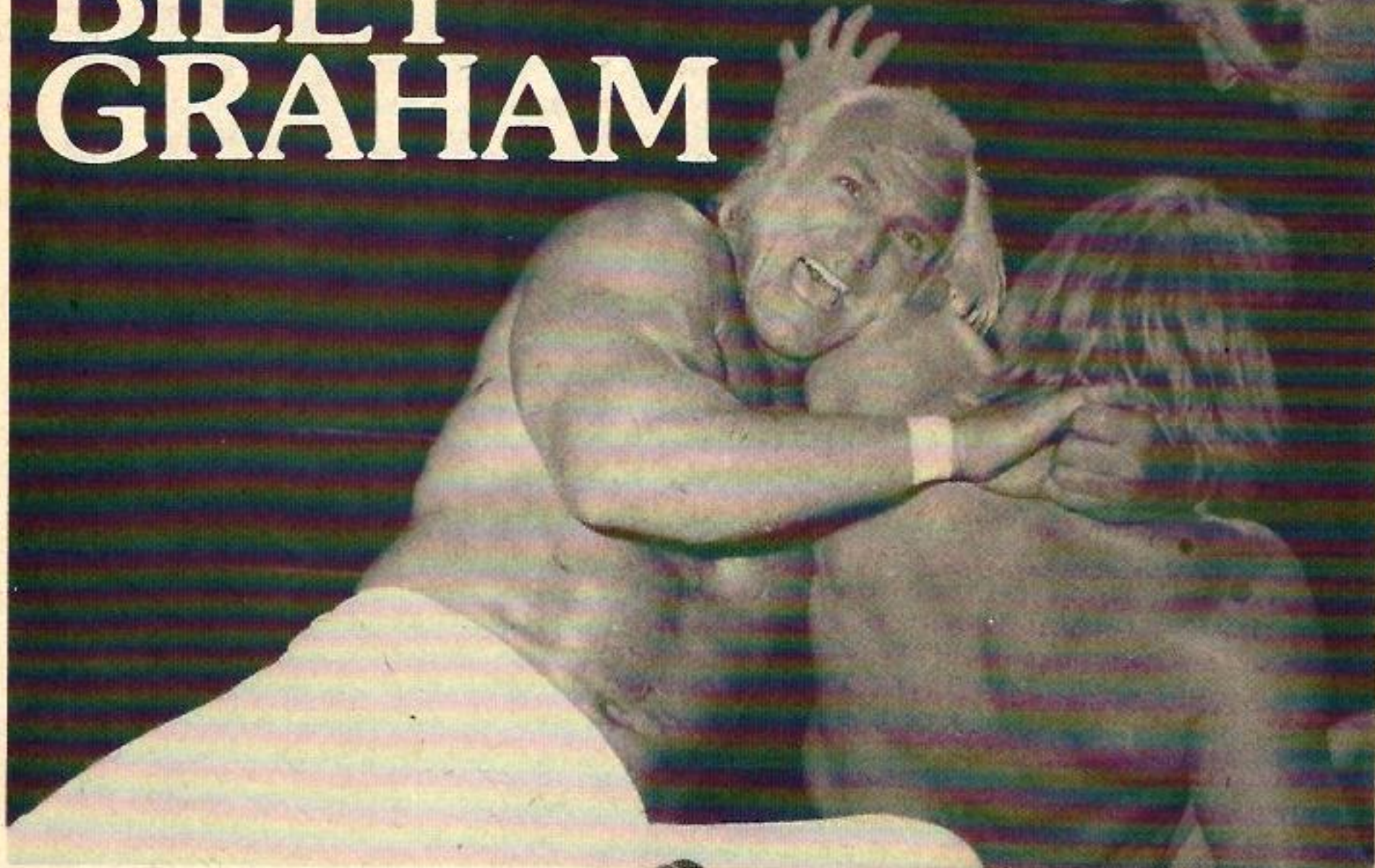
embarrassed to have the fans see me as memory of my best. This year, I'll see how well I handle my opponents. If I feel I'm slipping, I'll retire to my business and acting careers.

However, I'm going to give it my best shot. For this year, I've curtailed much of my acting career and have delegated my business

responsibilities to others. I'm devoting all my time to perfecting wrestling. I look forward to it, as there is nothing I enjoy more than grappling.

I hope 1977 will prove I have many years in wrestling left. If not, it will be the last year my masked face will ever appear in an arena. □

SUPERSTAR BILLY GRAHAM



A YEAR OF COMMITMENT

FOR TOO LONG, I've been a sucker. But now, things are going to change—for the better.

I've been sidetracking myself too long. I've let guys get me caught up in feuds. Body building exhibitions have also taken up too much of my time. Women who've thrown themselves at me have wasted my time and strength. The only important thing was to win the championship. I'm devoting this year to getting things done!

I plan to challenge all three major champions to matches. I can take them all. My body is the most perfect in wrestling, the best... no, I'm through bragging. I'm not letting anything interfere with my concentration. Billy Graham is all business.

Don't expect to see me with the title in the first few months of 1977. That's the time I will use for planning. I'll be like a monk, spending most of my time studying. Nothing any of the three champions has ever done will escape my notice. I'll know every mistake they ever made and what caused them to make it. I'll know more about them than they know themselves!

By the summer of 1977, I'll have at least two of the three champs right where I want them. It will be impossible for them to avoid me. Then they're doomed. All I'll need will be one chance at their titles and they'll fall. Graham will be glorious.

From then on, it'll be easy street all the way. I'll get more money than any

guy ever hoped for. I'll have the most beautiful women begging for my attention. The world will be mine. This champ will be the most envied man in sport.

I'll also defend my title when I feel like it. I'll make those clowns wait for me just like I had to wait for them. And every rotten trick they pulled to keep me from being champ will be thrown in their stupid faces. No one on earth is going to take my title from me. That's one promise I know I'll keep!

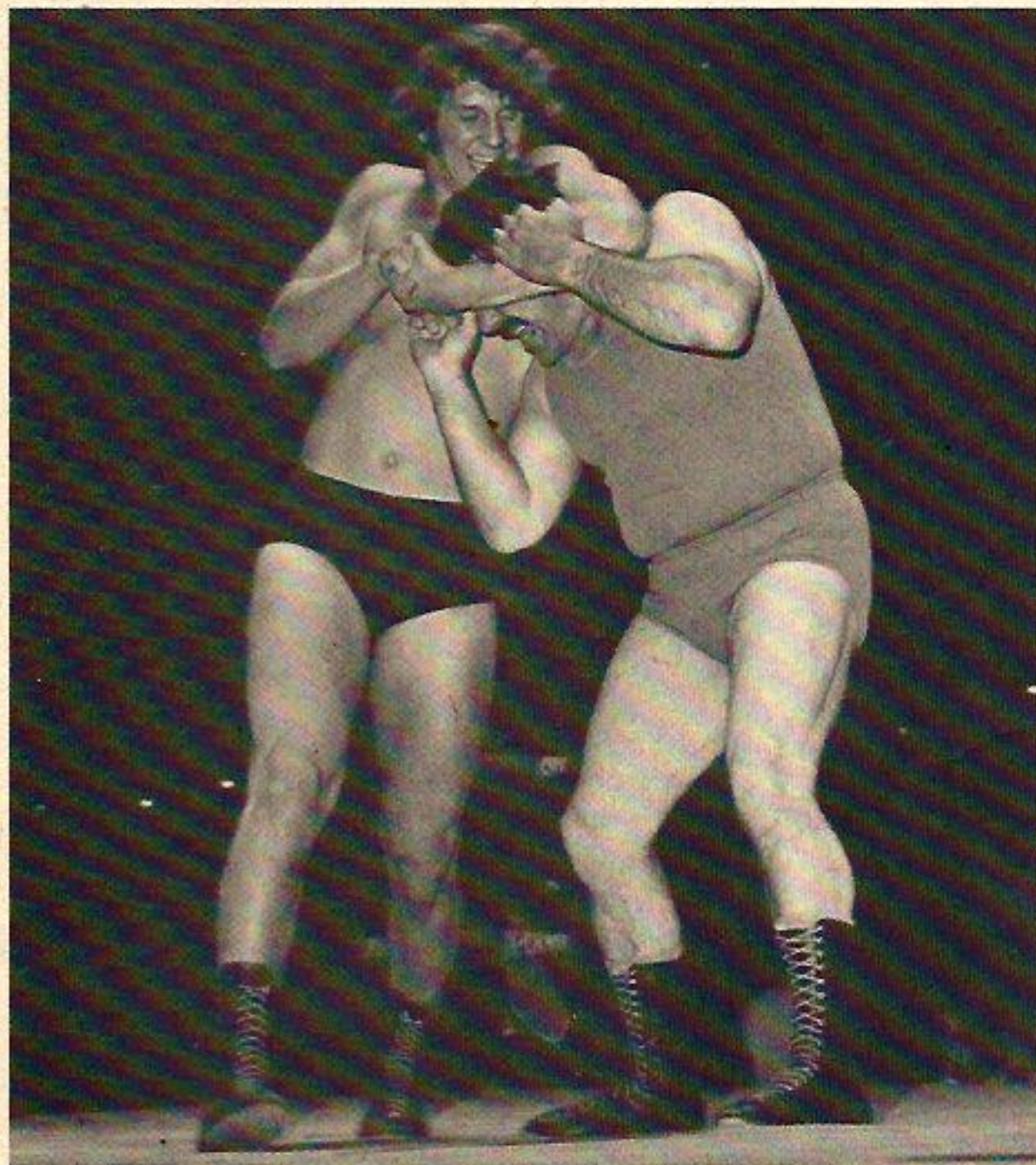
I'm not sure whether or not I'll have a manager. Why should I cut some freeloader in on all my bread? But those guys come in handy every so often. It might be a good idea to keep one around, sort of like a pet. I'll have to decide about that.

Lastly, don't expect me to be a people's champion. That's a lot of nonsense. I did the work, I won the belt, and the title is mine. I will do what I want with it. I don't give a tinker's damn about what the fans want.

This is the year Billy Graham becomes the top man in wrestling. I've fooled around long enough. My time has come. It's long overdue. □

BOB ORTON JR.

A YEAR OF VIOLENCE



All I need is the chance.

But I won't be too worried if the champion keeps avoiding me. In the meantime, I'll be practicing my craft and getting better all the time. The longer the champion waits, the harder it's going to be for him. No one can stop me.

People ask me if I like torturing people, putting them in agony and destroying their future. Well, all I can say it's better than losing. There are two types of people in this world, those who take and those who get taken from. Honest people are always getting shafted and saying dumb things like "I wouldn't want to succeed that way." Honest people don't succeed.

I've seen a lot of honest failures in wrestling. They're pathetic. For all their lives honesty has been their policy. What's there to show for it? An honest conscience is the most overrated possession a man can have. A clear conscience won't buy food, warmth, or shelter. There's a lot of good things in life and most of them cost money. And if you're a wrestler, you can be either honest or rich. That's a choice that bothers only suckers.

This is the year of Bob Orton Jr. It's also the year a lot of wrestlers are going to have their last match. I don't especially want to hurt them, but I have to do it. What the hell, they're trying to do the same to me; the smart ones are, at least. □

CONSIDER THIS FAIR warning: I'm going for broke over the battered bodies of my foes!

I'm raring to explode! For too many years, I've been told to be nice and stay within the rules. It's taken me this long to learn that's a lot of nonsense they use to fool young wrestlers. Hell, every veteran knows you have to be rough to win. And winning is the most important thing. In fact, it's the only thing.

So you can look forward to seeing a lot of my opponents forced into an early retirement. That's the risk they take when they decide to face me. I'm learning some new maneuvers

that should destroy everyone in my path. Sometimes, they even scare me! The feeling of power I have is awesome.

By March, I should be the most feared man in wrestling. My reputation will spread throughout the world. Most men will be terrified to face me—and I don't blame them. Getting in the ring with me will mean instant retirement. During April, my time will come.

The champion will have to challenge me. My reign of terror will demand a title shot. Once I get in the ring with the NWA king, he'll be the ex-champ. I can't fail to win the title.

Two beautiful women with nowhere to go, try for one more gold ring from fame's carousel. To seek their fortune, they must excite the imaginations of powerful men; excite them in the most furious and brutal type of combat!



Kyla arches her beautiful body as she presses her foot against Gail's neck early in the bout. The brunette's lush torso is tensed in preparation for her attempt at a desperate escape.

"LIGHTS! CAMERAS! ACTION!" All of a sudden the relatively quiet Hollywood set comes alive as talented actors go about their work creating another great movie. Occasionally, the cameras focus upon two young, vivacious, well-built women named Kyla and Gail. They made it to Hollywood because of their fierce competitiveness as apartment wrestlers.

It all happened approximately one year ago, when a mutual friend of theirs—one of Hollywood's leading young men—suggested they both try their hand at apartment wrestling. The match would take place in a plush penthouse in front of two or three dozen of Hollywood's top film producers and agents.

At first, Kyla and Gail's response was a flat and emphatic "NO!" They had heard they would have to wrestle, battle, fight—whatever—in

bikinis. They also had heard that on several occasions, the bikinis were completely torn off in the heat of battle. Neither one appreciated the idea of wrestling naked in front of so many important, tuxedoed, and gawking men.

But after a night of thinking over the prospect, both Kyla and Gail realized the overall importance of an evening of apartment wrestling. They thought of the good things that might come from it. They weighed the good against the bad. The bad things were: they possibly would wind up in their birthday suits, and stood a chance of being injured or even scarred for life. No aspiring actress dreams of being scarred. But the good point was the chance of being recognized or just being given the chance to prove themselves in a movie or television role. When they thought about the

THE APARTMENT WRESTLING CATFIGHT FOR LOVE AND



Gail captures her exquisite foe from behind as she tries to crush the blonde with the weight of her fulsome body (above). Later, after Kyla has suffered and escaped, the blonde teaches her opponent what it feels like when a girl is brutalized from behind (right). The pain is horrible!



MENT

ND GLORY

possible embarrassing situation of winding up on some plush carpeting battered and naked, they thought about who would be looking. Veteran directors, agents, and Hollywood men would be there. To them, seeing a naked woman is as common as the sun rising every morning. Besides, figured the two curvaceous specimens of womanhood, their bodies were works of art—something of which they could be proud, not ashamed. If battling it out in an un-ladylike fashion was something which could further their acting careers, well, then it was something that must be done. The more they thought about it, the more they were certain that apartment wrestling was something they must do.

Both women were proud of their bodies, and confident of their athletic skills. Whether they won or lost was not important. They knew a confrontation with each other would be the key to meeting some of the most influential men in the business. As it turned out, their wildest dreams were fulfilled by their confrontation.

The match would up as a tie, but it drew a standing ovation from the elite Hollywood crowd. In what was perhaps 25 of the most brutal and vicious minutes in the short history of apartment wrestling, Kyla and Gail branded on the memories of the spectators scenes they can never forget. Scenes like that will remain etched on their memories for eternity.

They began their first "war" with bikinis on, and finished it nude, entangled with each other in a mass of panting, sweating and exhausted feminine flesh. They had given every ounce of their energy, and the talented, prominent men who had witnessed their exhibition realized this. They saw definite talent in not one, but both of the young starlets.

The offers came in for movie parts and bits in television productions. Kyla and Gail's young Hollywood friend had told them the truth, and they loved him for it. He had said apartment wrestling could only help their careers—not hurt them—and he was right. Kyla and Gail were never happier.

Occasionally they ran into each other in the halls of Hollywood's executive offices and on the sets of movies, but rarely did they talk to one another. They had been vicious

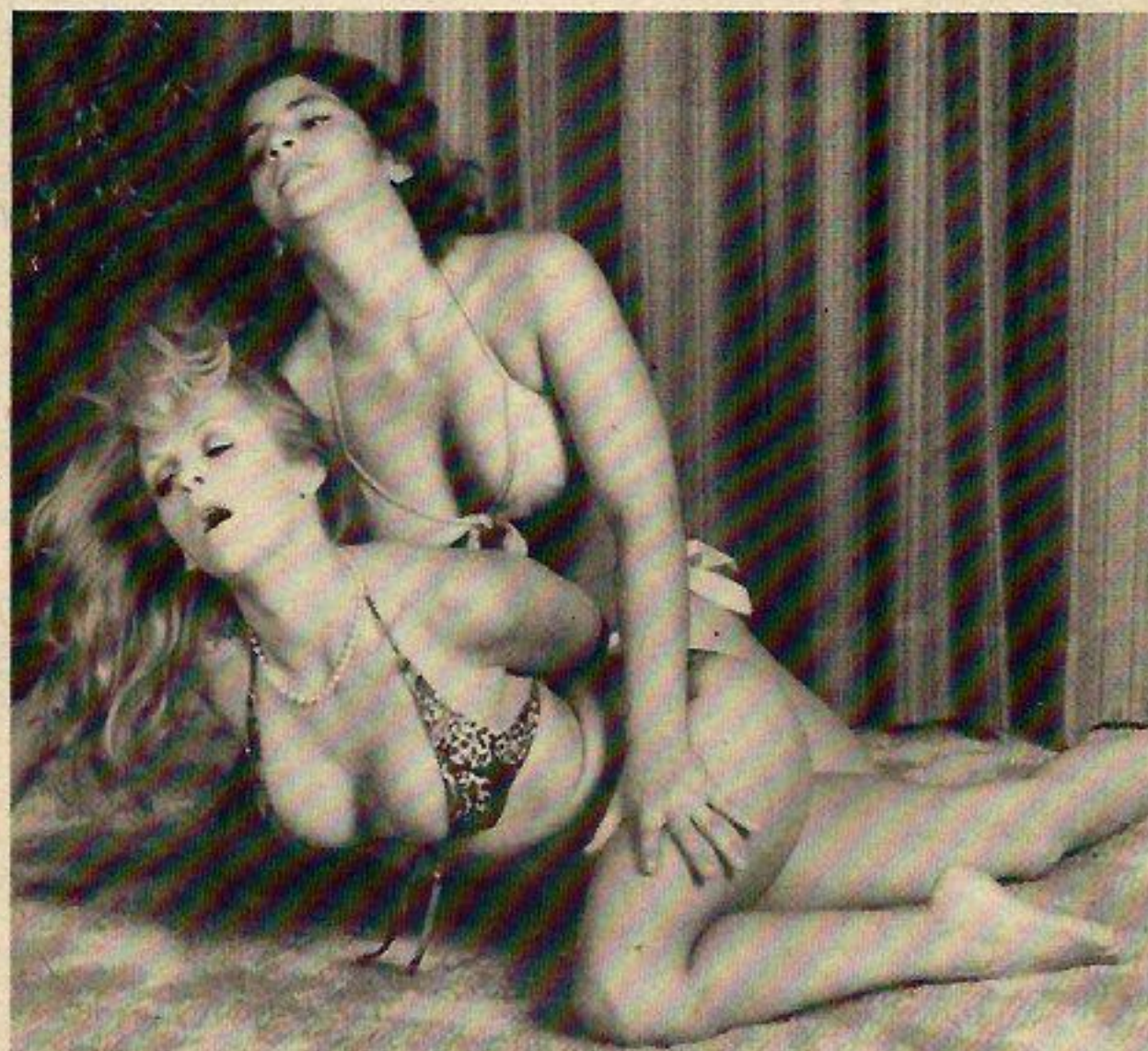
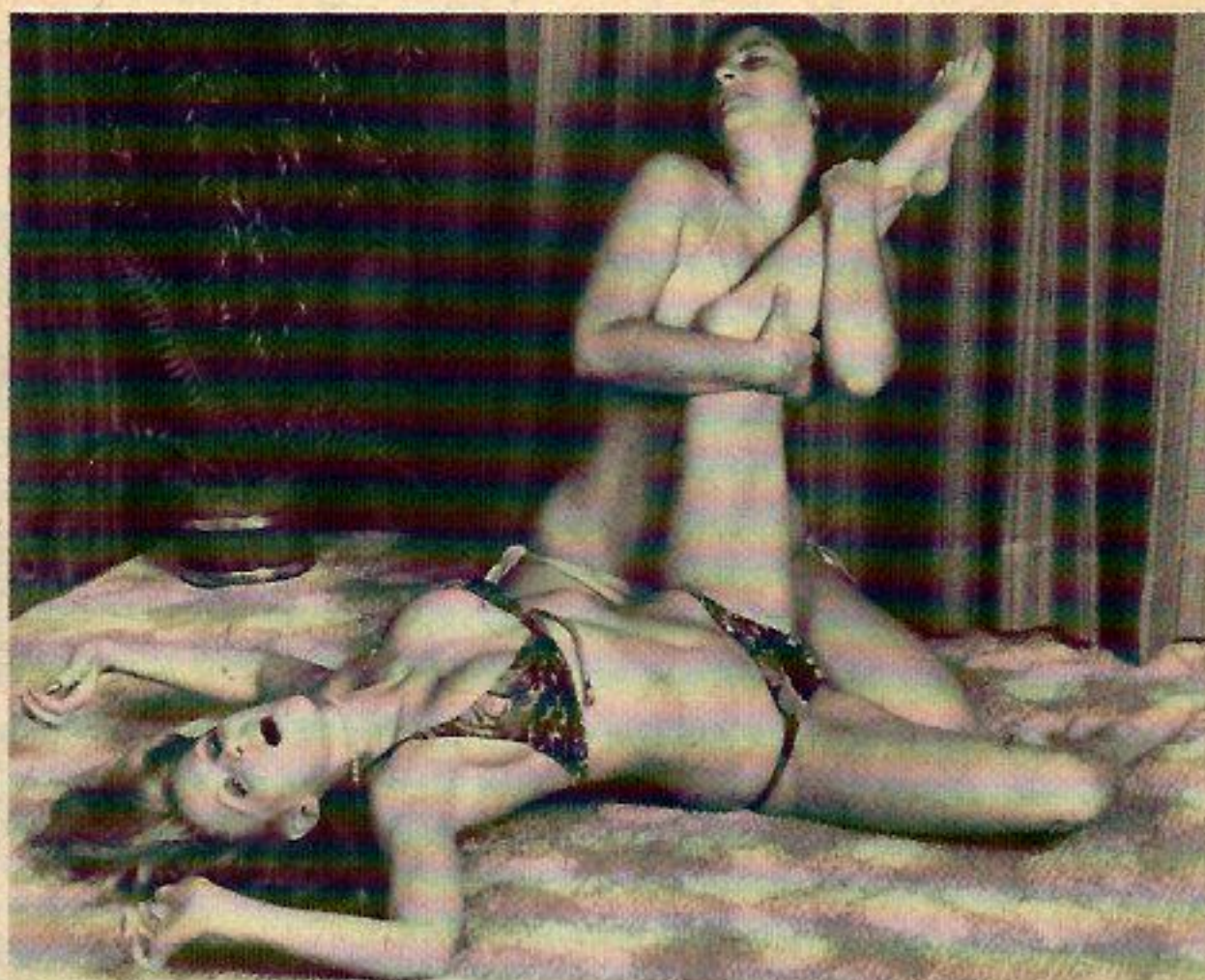
Gail writhes under the weight of Kyla's knee on her alabaster throat. The tawny brunette gasps for air as her windpipe is very harshly pressed closed.



competitors long before their first apartment wrestling match, and the feelings between the two probably never will reach a friendly note.

But since that evening in the penthouse, each woman carries a mutual respect for the other. There has to be this respect; two humans don't battle each other with everything they have and wind up naked in front of a crowd, without having respect for their adversary.

There were so many motion picture offers after the match Kyla and Gail were forced to reject most of them. As fate would have it, many film companies and producers figured, "Why call them. They're probably so busy, they won't even have time to even read the script I feel would fit them perfectly." Many directors felt the same way. The two had made a big hit over one year ago, and they were wanted by the



After taking the force of a knee to the belly (top right), Gail brings Kyla down to the carpet and forces the wondrous blonde beauty to the brink of brutal defeat (top and right).

movie industry. But it's hard to get your hands on a budding star, and so the longing film companies stopped calling. Kyla's phone was silent. So was Gail's.

After several weeks of waiting impatiently, Kyla called her young actor friend to find out if he knew of any parts and why the calls had stopped coming in.

Gail, who had been working very hard, enjoyed the rest in the be-

ginning. But as the weeks of no work mounted, she became worried. Every day she hurried down to the post office to check her mail box for any prospective offers. Nothing! There was only one thing to do. Call her friend and talk to him. Maybe he knows of some work.

His reply was, "Sorry Gail. I don't know of any parts. You know, I just got a call from Kyla. She's a bit down, too . . . hasn't been getting

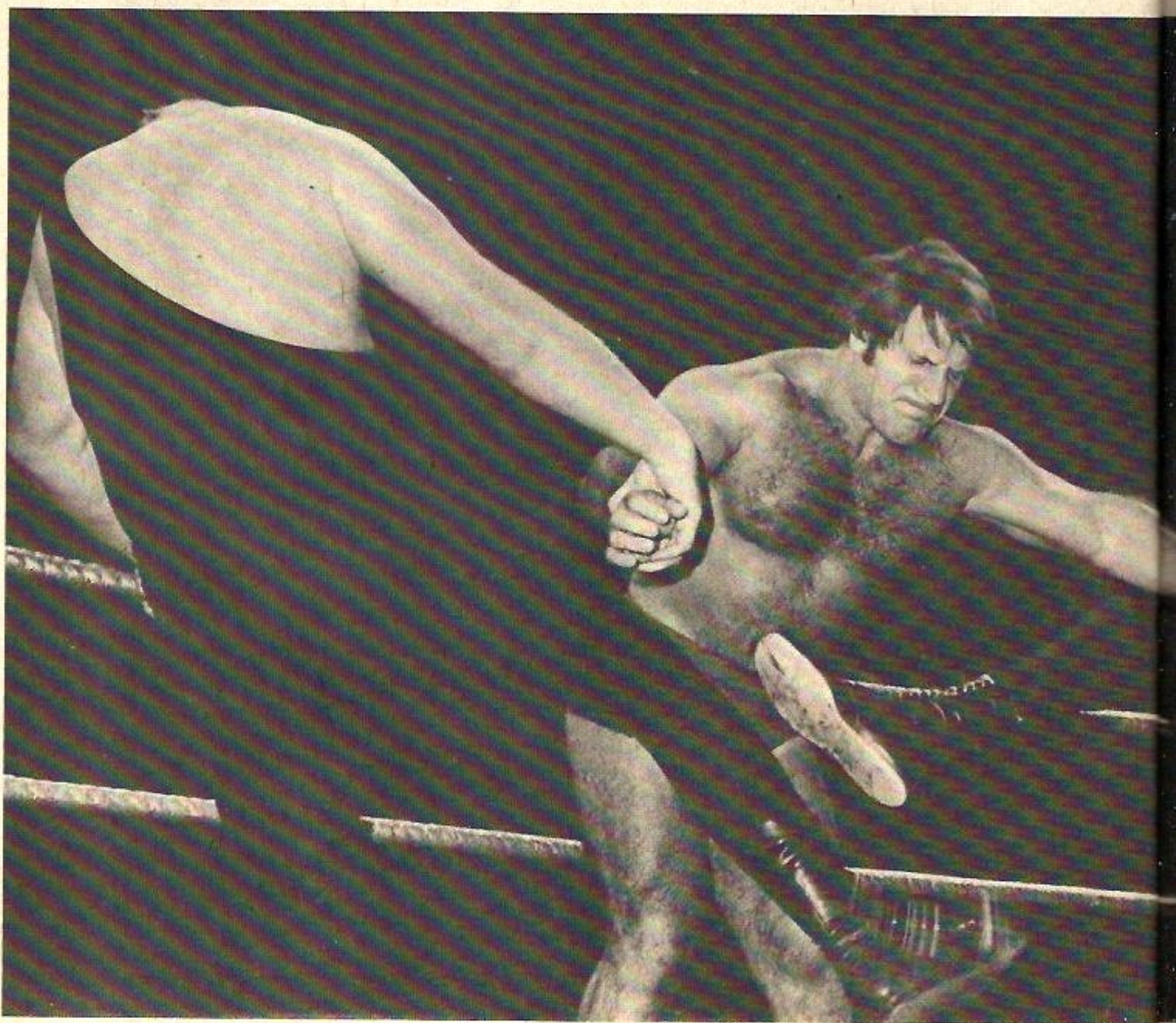
much work. I'm surprised the both of you are having such trouble finding work. Both of your names constantly pop up in conversations in Hollywood circles. Everybody knows the both of you. Hey, why don't I set up another . . ."

Gail quickly cut him off.

"No you don't! I know what you're going to say. You want Kyla and I to wrestle again like we did last time. I

(Continued on page 54)

**Bruno & Monsoon vs.
The Executioners:
THE MATCH BRUNO
SHOULD NOT
HAVE WRESTLED!**



THERE ARE TIMES when Bruno Sammartino feels he is responsible for the well-being of the entire WWWF. He is constantly putting his title—and his life—on the line against some of the most notorious men in wrestling. He feels it is expected of him.

And so it came as no surprise when Sammartino announced he wanted to deal with The Executioners, a plague that has been visited upon the WWWF in recent months. They hold that association's tag team title, and they are bringing shame to it. Bruno feels

Even the great power of Bruno Sammartino can't cope with the savage doubleteaming tactics of the notorious Executioners!



only honor should be associated with any title in the WWWF.

Sammartino first began to think of taking on The Executioners immediately after they won the belts from Tony Parisi and Louis Cerdan. He began to scout around for another man equal to the task of being pitted against the hated pair. He found that partner in long time friend Gorilla Monsoon.

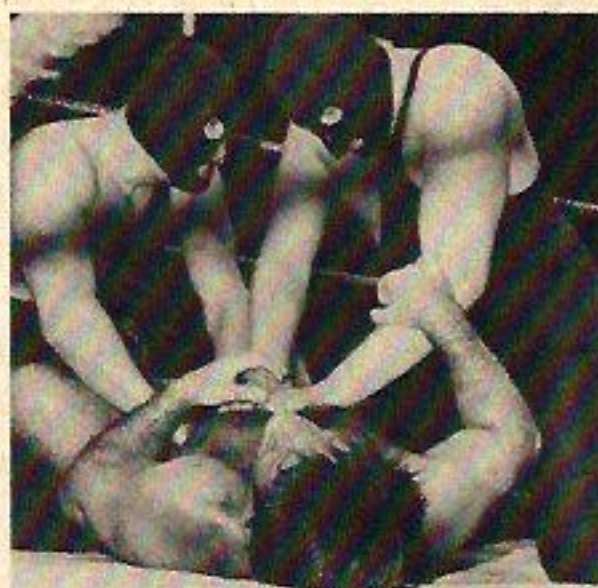
But fate was to have it that Bruno and Monsoon would not have their chance immediately after the Executioners won the title. Only a few days later, Bruno was critically injured by Stan Hansen's "lariat" maneuver. Afterwards, the WWWF champion was forced to spend several weeks recuperating in a hospital.

When Sammartino was finally released, his first thoughts were to exact revenge from Stan Hansen. Any thoughts of battling The Executioners would have to be postponed.

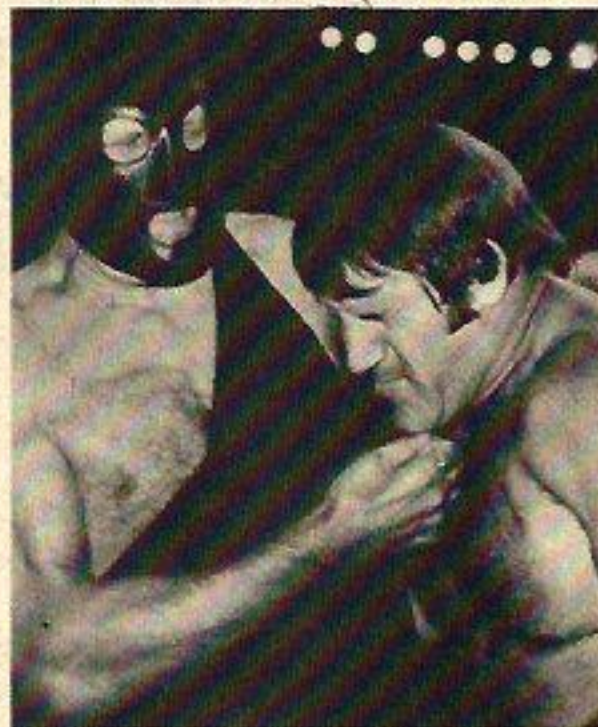
A few weeks after his release from the hospital, Bruno did as he promised: he had his revenge on Stan Hansen. Gorilla Monsoon was at ringside that night. Soon after his triumph, Monsoon brought up the subject of The Executioners, and what had to be done.

At first Sammartino was reluctant to become entangled in another war. But the same night he battled Hansen, The Executioners battled Chief Jay Strongbow and Billy White Wolf. The Executioners had put on a vicious display of wrestling savagery, and it had made Bruno upset. He realized he would have to finish off this hated team.

A few days later, he and Gorilla Monsoon were hard at work training for the match against The Executioners. The two men tried to devise effective strategies to employ against the vicious tactics The Executioners were sure to use. They perfected many different maneuvers they hoped would work.



Above: Bruno lies on the mat as The Executioners go about their cruel business. Below: A sharp punch to the chin has Sammartino wincing in agony.

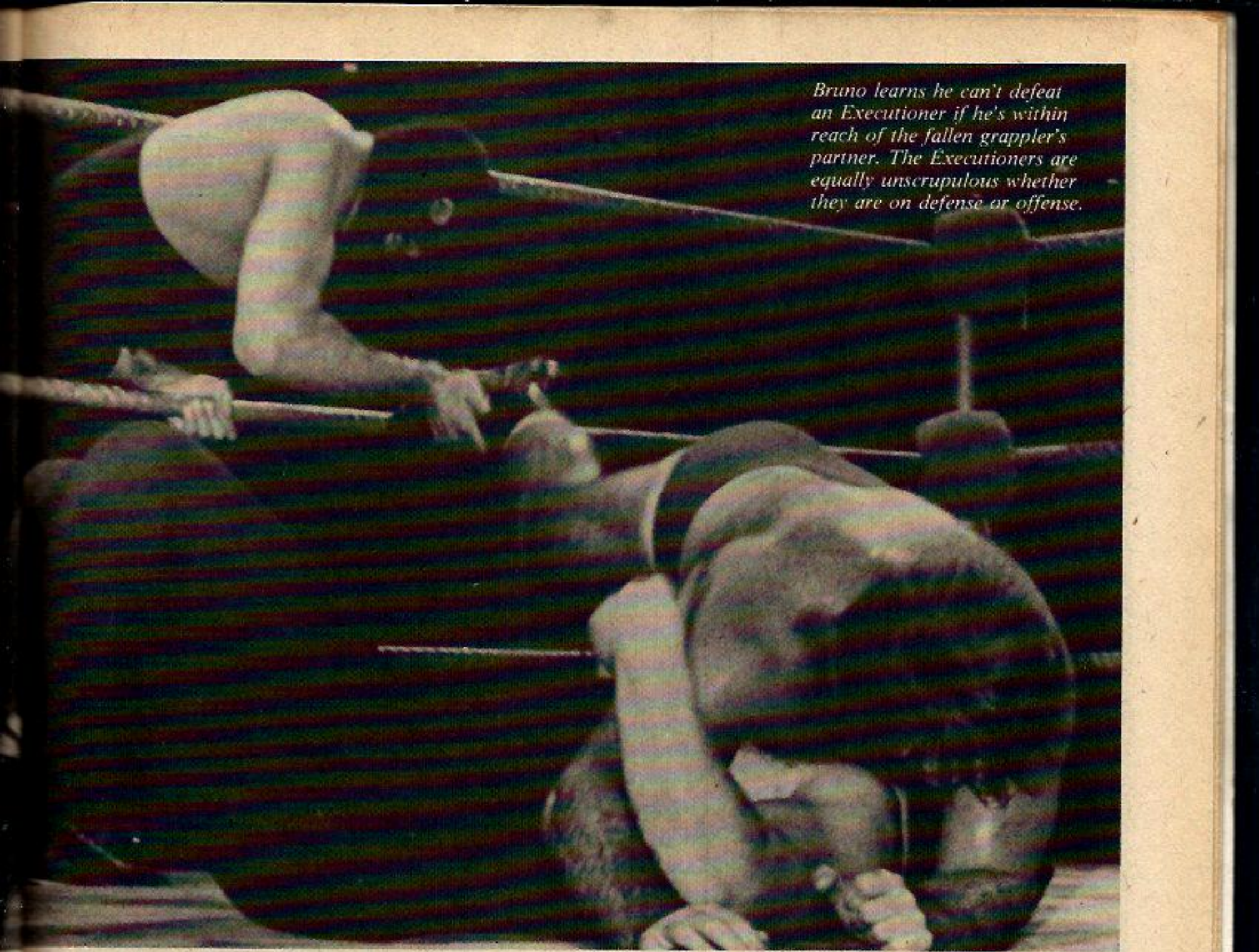


However, they could not be too sure of what new less-than-legal tactics The Executioners would employ.

Bruno and Monsoon's training sessions were extremely intense. Whenever Monsoon would suggest taking a short break, Sammartino insisted they keep working out. After all, he told Gorilla, they had to defeat The Executioners. It was for the honor of the WWWF.

Bruno realized The Executioners were not scientific wrestlers, and he thought he had planned accordingly. Perhaps he just didn't

The fans demanded it, Bruno wanted it, promoters delighted in it, Monsoon pleaded for it—and it turned out to be the most dangerous match Bruno Sammartino ever wrestled, a brawl which never should have taken place!



Bruno learns he can't defeat an Executioner if he's within reach of the fallen grappler's partner. The Executioners are equally unscrupulous whether they are on defense or offense.

no way he and Monsoon could lose.

In a sense, Bruno was right. He and Monsoon didn't lose, but they really didn't win either.

From the opening bell, it was clear this was going to be a very rough match for both teams. The Executioners were determined to deal with Bruno and Monsoon just as they dealt with any other opponents—use every illegal maneuver they could think of. But Sammartino and his partner were not the typical opponents for this team.

After 10 furious minutes the team of Sammartino and Monsoon was able to capture the first fall. An effective bodyslam by Bruno put Executioner #2 at his mercy. But that was not to last for very long.

Executioner #1 managed to secure the second fall for his team. He caught Gorilla Monsoon with an elbowsmash after coming off the ropes. So the third fall became the all-important part of this match.

Bruno again found himself facing Executioner #2. For five minutes, the two men brawled furiously, each hoping to catch the other with that one finishing maneuver which would insure victory for his side. Meanwhile, Executioner #1 was becoming quite frustrated in the corner, waiting for his partner to either tag him or finish the match. He decided to take matters into his own hands.

As Bruno was capturing Executioner #2 in a bearhug, Executioner #1 was preparing to make his move. He slipped an object inside his mask and climbed up on the top rope. As Executioner #2 and Sammartino neared the corner, Executioner #1 leapt at Bruno. Sammartino immediately crumpled to the canvas, stunned by the foreign object inside the mask of his opponent. The referee stepped in and immediately disqualified The Executioners.

In the meantime, Bruno still lay on the canvas. He seemed dazed, and looked as if he was about to pass out. The doctor was summoned to the ring. Sammartino was able to get out of the ring and stumble back to his dressing room.

After being with him for several hours, the doctor was able to make a statement to the press about the condition of Bruno Sammartino: "In any other circumstance, there would be very little problem. But with Bruno having recently recovered from a serious neck injury, this new injury may have aggravated some bones.

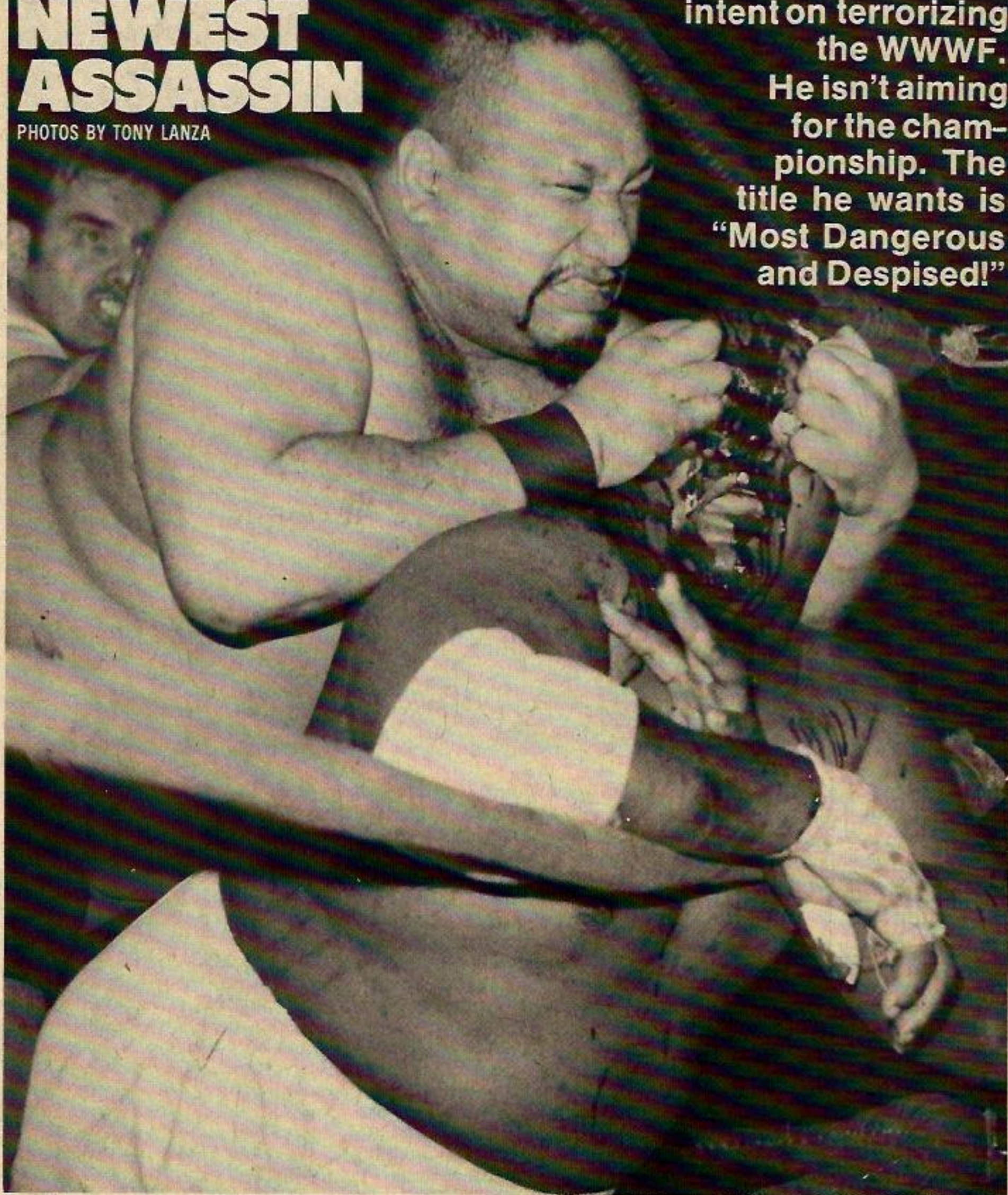
"He should never have taken this match. However, I want to assure everyone that Bruno Sammartino will be in fine condition soon, if he takes it easy for a few weeks.

"Hopefully he will never have to face two Executioners at the same time ever again. I don't think he could take that." □

THE WWWF'S NEWEST ASSASSIN

PHOTOS BY TONY LANZA

Devoid of mercy or scruples, Tor Kamata is now intent on terrorizing the WWWF. He isn't aiming for the championship. The title he wants is "Most Dangerous and Despised!"



THE ARENA IS hushed as a young athlete is carried out screaming on a stretcher. His fine body is broken and wracked with pain. Tor Kamata has claimed another victim.

This is becoming a terrifyingly common occurrence. Kamata is more of a professional killer than a professional athlete. His skills are geared for punishment and torture. He's not satisfied with victory. He

strives for destruction.

As might be expected, Kamata is under the tutelage of the notorious manager, Freddie Blassie. The two men were destined to work together
(Continued on page 62)

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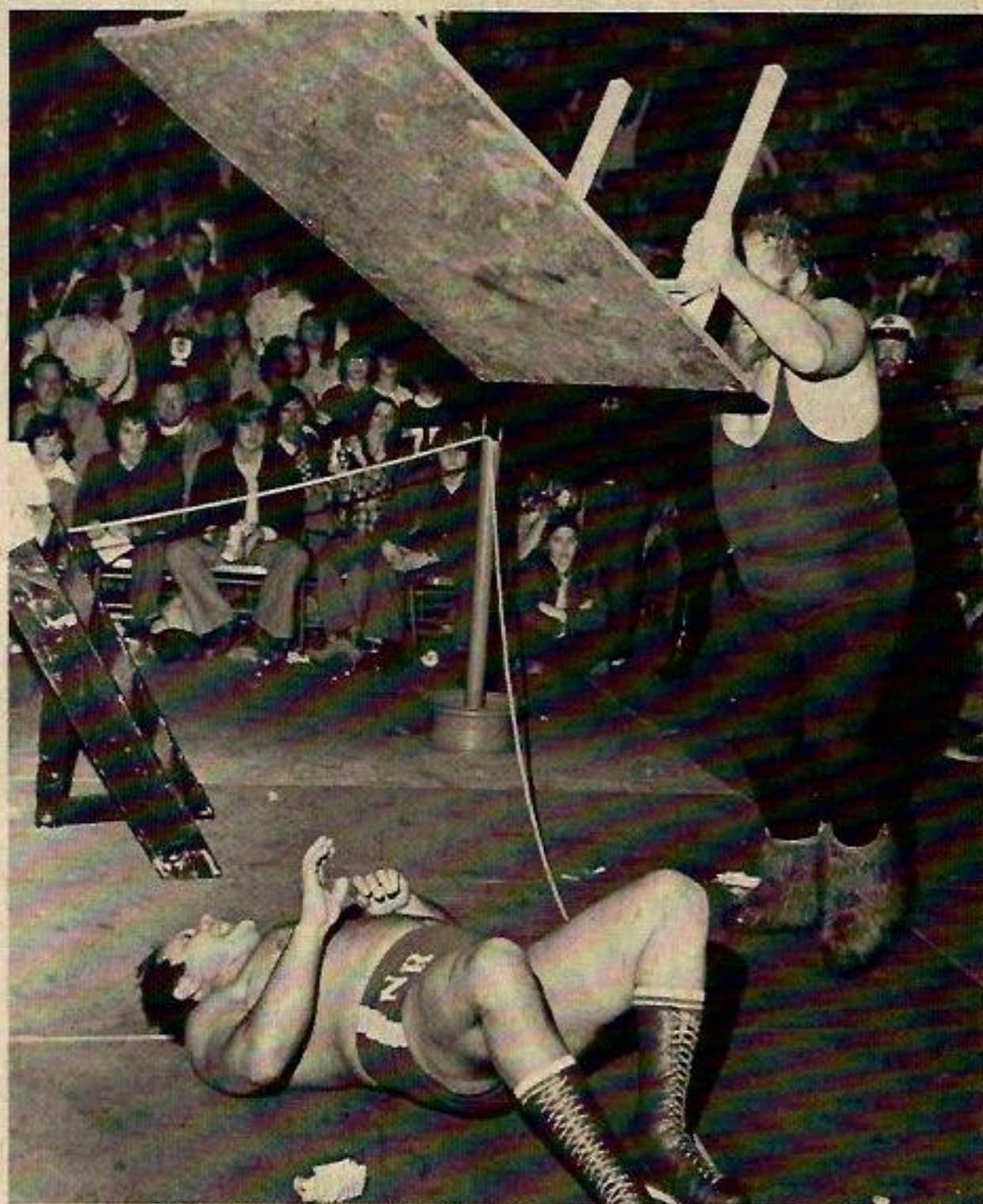
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ERIC THE RED

(Continued from Page 18)



Nelson Royal's face betrays his terror as Eric the Red comes at him with a press table. The huge weapon would crash down on the helpless grappler's body many times before security guards would be able to tear the enraged Eric away from his devastated victim.

Royal, a man who has battled Eric often, declares, "there was some sense of control over him. His natural blood-thirsty tendencies were kept in check by a man who wanted to win above everything else. Now, Eric sometimes forgets about winning and just concentrates on torture! It's scarier than ever being in the ring with him!"

It's not hard to see what Royal is talking about. Nelson was recently hurled from the ring by Eric. He landed hard onto the concrete. Laying dazed upon the cold cement, he groggily looked above him. To his horror, he saw Eric come after him, wielding the press table as a weapon! Again and again, the heavy wooden table came crashing down on Royal. It took three security guards to pull Eric

off his fallen victim. Royal miraculously escaped without permanent damage.

Many wrestlers have shared Royal's fate against Eric. It has become common for the notorious grappler's opponents to be carried out by stretchers. The huge bone which he brings into the ring often becomes a club against someones skull. The disqualifications make no difference to him. He's having too much of a good time to stop. And there doesn't seem to be anyone who can halt his rampaging for any length of time.

What does the future hold for Eric the Red? No one is quite sure. It's doubtful his many disqualifications will enable him to get many title shots. It's a sure thing he'd make a reprehensible



Above: Luis Martinez is almost strangled as Eric wraps a coat around Luis' neck and drags his victim across the mat. Below: It takes the great skill and cunning of a veteran mat star like Johnny Powers to backflip Eric perfectly to the canvas.



sible champion. As it stands, he can claim more hospitalized victims than he can victories.

"I think he should be banned!" Luis Martinez demands. "He adds nothing to the sport except injured participants. There is no skill in what he does, no dignity. All he wants is to see people broken and battered. Is that the kind of guy who should be in a professional sport?"

Luis is right—Eric the Red doesn't belong in a sport with dignity. But who is going to get him out? ☐

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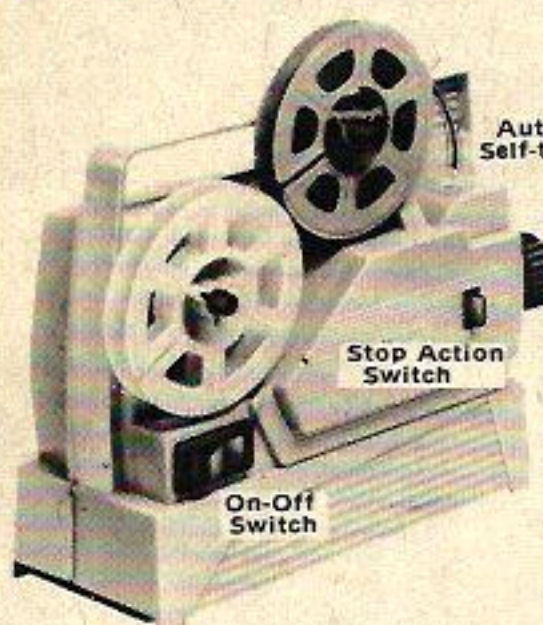
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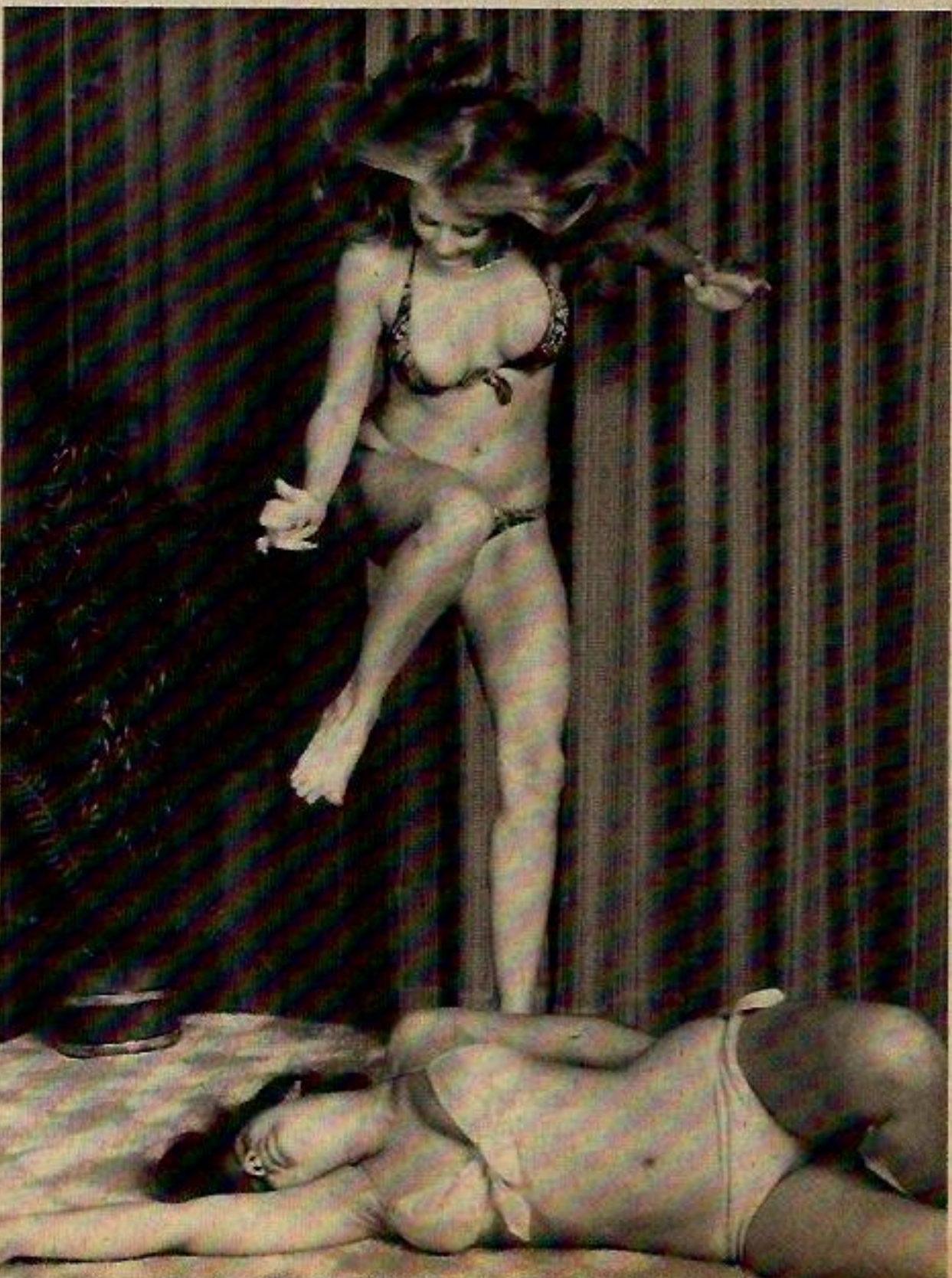
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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 37)



Above: Kyla is twisted by the brute strength of her Amazon foe. Gail senses she is near victory as she feels the blonde's lithe leg tremble with pain as the limb is mercilessly twisted. Below: Kyla is a missile of torment as she leaps high in the air to come stomping down on Gail's neck, a favorite target for the blonde.



only did that to make a quick name for myself and meet some important people. You helped me a lot then and I appreciate it, but that was the last time. No more of that!"

"You have nothing to be ashamed about," said Gail's friend. "Both of you were magnificent. I know everybody who was there would like to see the two of you in a rematch. And there are several other prominent figures in Hollywood who I will invite if you decide to take on Kyla again."

Without giving Gail a chance to say "NO!" the young actor quickly added, "Think about it and give me a call when you decide." Then he hung up.

Gail was about to call him right back and tell him to forget it. But then she started thinking about how that one match had helped her career, and how another one could only further her success. She spent the evening thinking it over. When she awoke in the morning, Gail knew a rematch against Kyla was the thing to do. The only thing! She called her friend back. When he answered, all she said was "Set up that rematch! I'm ready!"

"Your wish is my command," joked her friend. He put down the phone and hurriedly called Kyla. Much to his surprise, Kyla gave her okay to the rematch almost immediately.

"I remember what it did for my career after the first time," said Kyla. "It helped me then, and it'll help even more now. I'm ready to battle if Gail is."

Telling Kyla he'd get right to work on making the match a definite thing, the handsome young actor hung up the phone and went to work on the guest list.

As he filled up the page with names of celebrities, his mind kept flashing back to the evening when the two buxom women savaged each other as would two enraged wildcats. He pictured their smooth, muscular legs, their tender hips, their sensuous bellies, and firm, luscious breasts. He smiled when he thought of the first time they battled, and how Gail was the first one to lose her bathing suit in combat. His smile turned into a broad grin as his memory showed him an instant replay of Gail's bathing suit bottom being yanked down.

The young actor sat back in his
(Continued on page 56)

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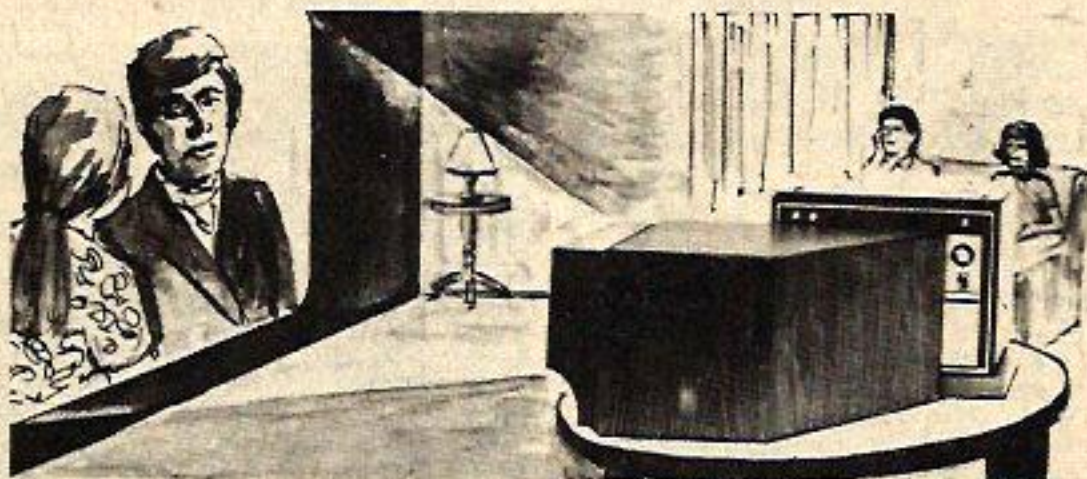


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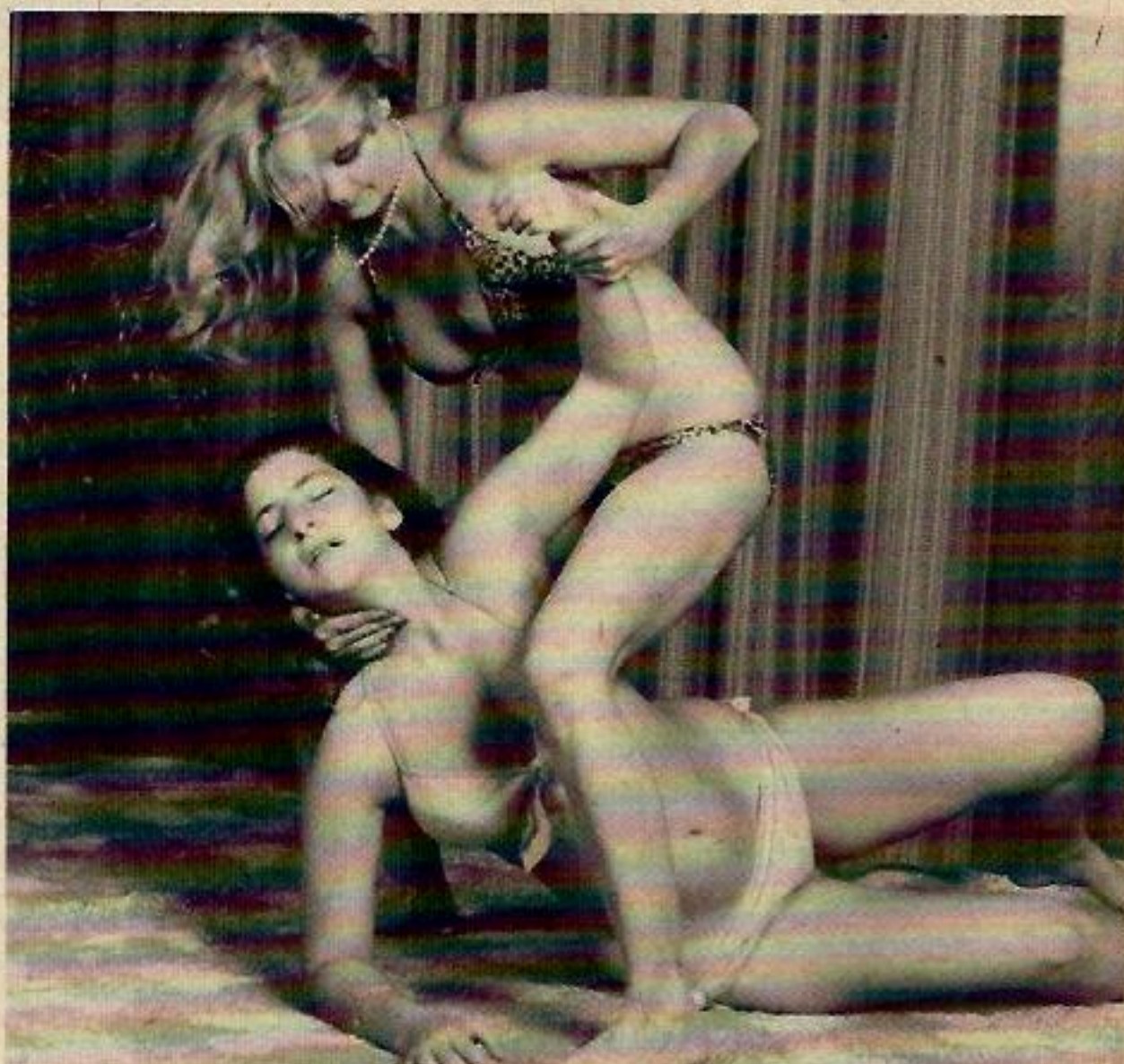
APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 55)

chair, chuckling to himself. He envisioned how Gail, after being stripped nude, had battled back to rip off Kyla's bikini, and how he had never seen two women with such identical breasts in his life. He could hardly wait for their rematch.

When the guest was completed, it included some of the biggest names in show business. The match had become such a big event, one Hollywood trade journal ran the life stories of both Kyla and Gail.

On the evening of the match, expensive champagne and imported French wine flowed freely amongst handsomely tuxedoed and diamond studded celebrities. Anxiety ran high as the moment of the big match approached. They erupted into cheers when one of Hollywood's leading men, serving as announcer, said, "In just a few minutes, Gail and Kyla will be ready to do their thing." As the cheers died down, the actor continued, "Before they



Above: Kyla has Gail writhing on the carpet as she tries to get the brunette on her back and win the match. Gail would squirm in pain for more than a minute before making her brilliant escape. Right: In agony, Kyla tries to dig her talon nails into Gail's breasts.





Gail's head snaps back as a hard right cross lands full on the brunette's cheekbone. It is a typical moment from this bout!

come out here, let's take a look at some of the highlights of their first match."

With that, the lights were switched off, and a movie projector was turned on. It showed some dramatic closeups of Kyla and Gail in action. The elite crowd gasped and moaned as the two beauties went at it up on the screen. The gasps and moans turned to pants and excited groans as every square inch of their luscious bodies became visible. Suddenly, the lights went on in typical Hollywood fashion, and there was Gail, standing in her gold brocade embroidered robe. The crowd, at least 50 strong, erupted in shouts of glee at the sight of her. Then Kyla came out of her dressing room in the massive penthouse, and the cheers continued.

The actor who was serving as the announcer explained the rules to the girls and to the crowd. No holds would be barred. There would be no referee and the match would last until one of them gave up or was forced to quit because of an injury. In reality, the only rule of the match was that there would be no rules.

The crowd roared as the girls peeled off their robes, exposing nearly all that women is about. The cheers turned to a near hush as Kyla and Gail walked to opposite ends of the room to await the start of the long anticipated match. At the sound of the clink of a champagne glass — which was being used as a bell—the two attractive apartment

(Continued on page 58)

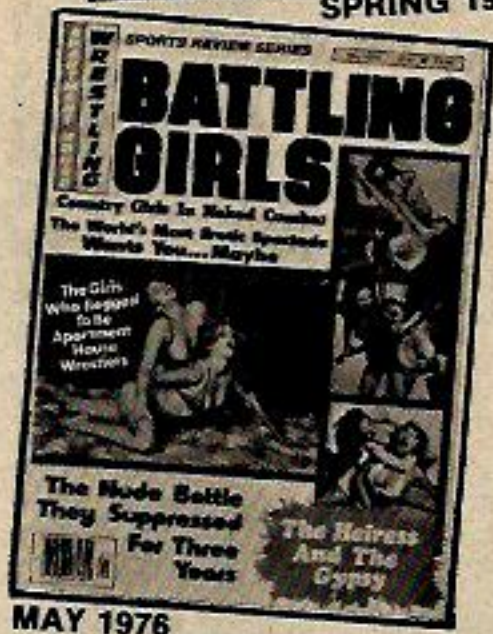
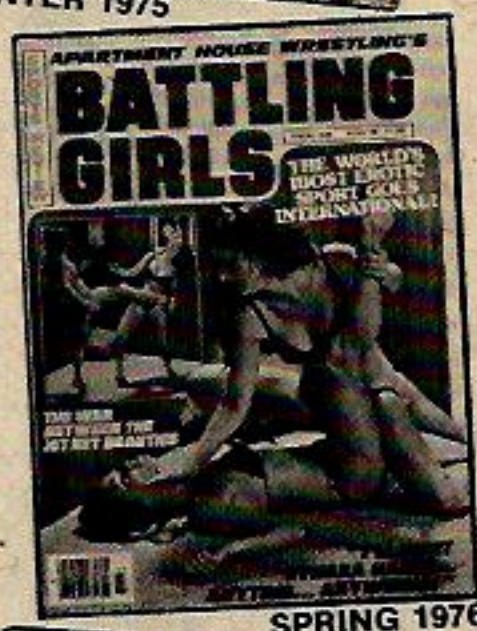
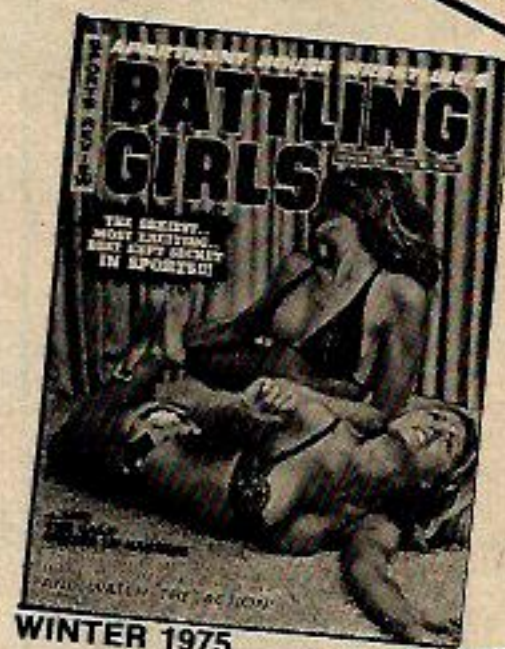
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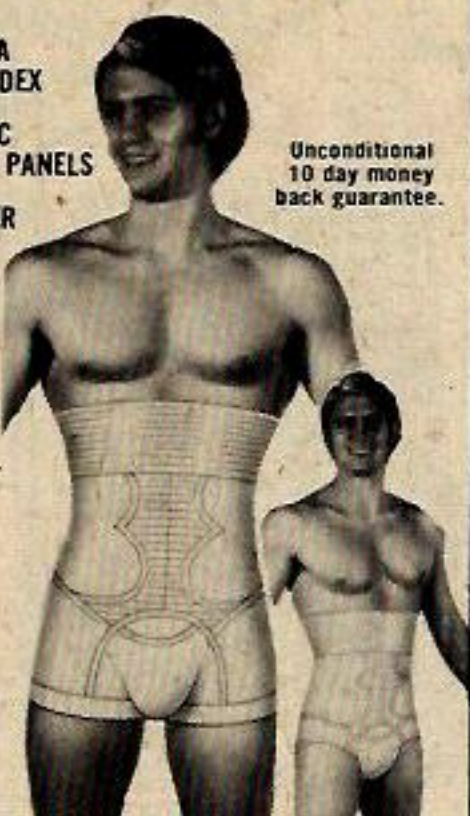
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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 57)



Above: As if the blonde weighed no more than a matchstick, she is lifted high in the air by Gail before being hurled to the carpet. Below: Captured and agonized, Kyla struggles to escape from Gail's grasp.



wrestlers charged at each other.

An excited buzz swept over the crowd as the two beautiful young ladies came face to face. Kyla tried to take the battle at a slow pace, but Gail had come to do battle. She swung her right arm towards Kyla's angelic face. C-R-A-C-K!! The crowd, seated at dinner tables and on plush couches with champagne glasses in hand, moaned as Gail's open palm slap sent Kyla reeling. Faces as pretty as Kyla's aren't meant to be slapped—they're meant to be tenderly caressed and loved.

As Kyla reeled backwards, Gail went after her. Gail's right leg shot up in an attempt to kick the voluptuous Kyla in the stomach. Just as the kick landed, Kyla softened the impact by catching part of it on her left arm. She grabbed onto Gail's velvety shank and thrust it upwards. Gail fell to the floor with a heavy thud.

Kyla wasted no time. She pounced upon Gail and began raining a volley of blows towards her face. Gail reached up and grabbed Kyla's bikini and began to pull. If Kyla kept punching, she knew her top would wind up somewhere in the crowd. What would she do? The celebrities sat nervously forward in their seats.

She quickly decided to try and save her top. She grabbed both of Gail's wrists and began to sink her



Kyla lands a hard kick to the belly of Gail (above) and then leaps on her foe and tries to finish the brunette (below).



razor-like nails into them. The effort Kyla was making to free herself was evident on her face, as was the pain Gail was in. Their bodies heaved with every ounce of strength they could muster as they pitted muscle against muscle.

Unable to stand the pain of Kyla's nails cutting deep into her flesh, Gail released her grip on Kyla's

(Continued on page 60)

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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 59)

Gail has Kyla firmly in her clutches as the blonde realizes she can resist only moments more before the inevitable time of surrender. Yet, Kyla is a tigress to the end, clawing and squirming with the last ounce of her strength. There was no shame in her harsh cry of "I give up!"



bikini top. With a superhuman effort, Gail took a deep breath and flung Kyla off onto the carpeting. Kyla was still firing punches at Gail as she went flying through the air.

Gail sprang towards Kyla, but at the same moment Kyla was coming right back at Gail. Their bodies slammed together and each let out an "OOF" upon impact.

Gail worked like a non-stop, well-oiled machine. Her hands shot out and pulled the left cup off Kyla's bra. Some of the spectators let out an audible sigh, others could be seen worshipping her to themselves.

Instinctively, Kyla quickly worked to replace her exposed, supple breast to its holder. She worked fast, but Gail was just a bit faster. No sooner had Kyla returned her stiff-nipped breast to the cup of the bikini than Gail smashed her left fist into Kyla's belly.

Although the breath was knocked out of her, Kyla was able to clamp Gail in a headlock long enough to regain her rhythm. Gail moaned as Kyla tried to wrench her head right off her exquisite body.

Gail was able to work free of the headlock, and the two magnificent specimens of womanhood rolled about the floor kicking, biting, scratching, punching, and mauling each other in ways that just didn't seem right or fitting.

Occasionally, members of the audience who were seated in certain areas were treated to views

that aroused their most primitive senses. These wealthy, famous Hollywood celebrities, were, after all, only human. The sights their eyes beheld could only bring out the animalistic desires in them.

Suddenly, Gail had Kyla flat on her stomach. Gail took her opponent's right leg and stretched it up towards Kyla's head. Kyla sobbed in excruciating pain.

"Do you give up?" asked Gail exhaustedly.

There was no answer.

Gail yanked harder on Kyla's leg, and the tears flowed down the blonde's face. Several members of the audience were about to leave their seats and stop the match themselves. It wasn't right for two such lovely creatures to be causing this much pain to one another.

Before any celebrity could put an end to the match, Kyla screamed, "No more, please no more." Then came the words, "I give up!"

Gail had to hear no more. Releasing her grip, she quickly helped the sobbing Kyla to her feet, and the two of them embraced. Every celebrity applauded them, and every heart went out to both women. If there were any hard feelings between them before, they were certainly gone now.

All that was left between them was the single dream of one day winning Hollywood's most prized possession, that little gold statue called Oscar. □

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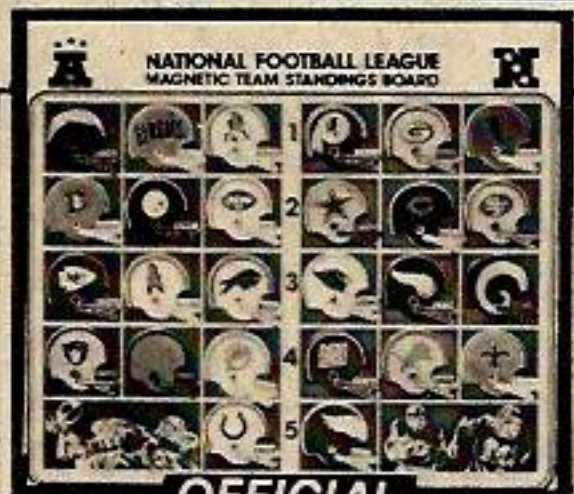


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WWWF's NEWEST ASSASSIN

(Continued from Page 42)

against everyone else; their minds wallow in the same bloody sewer.

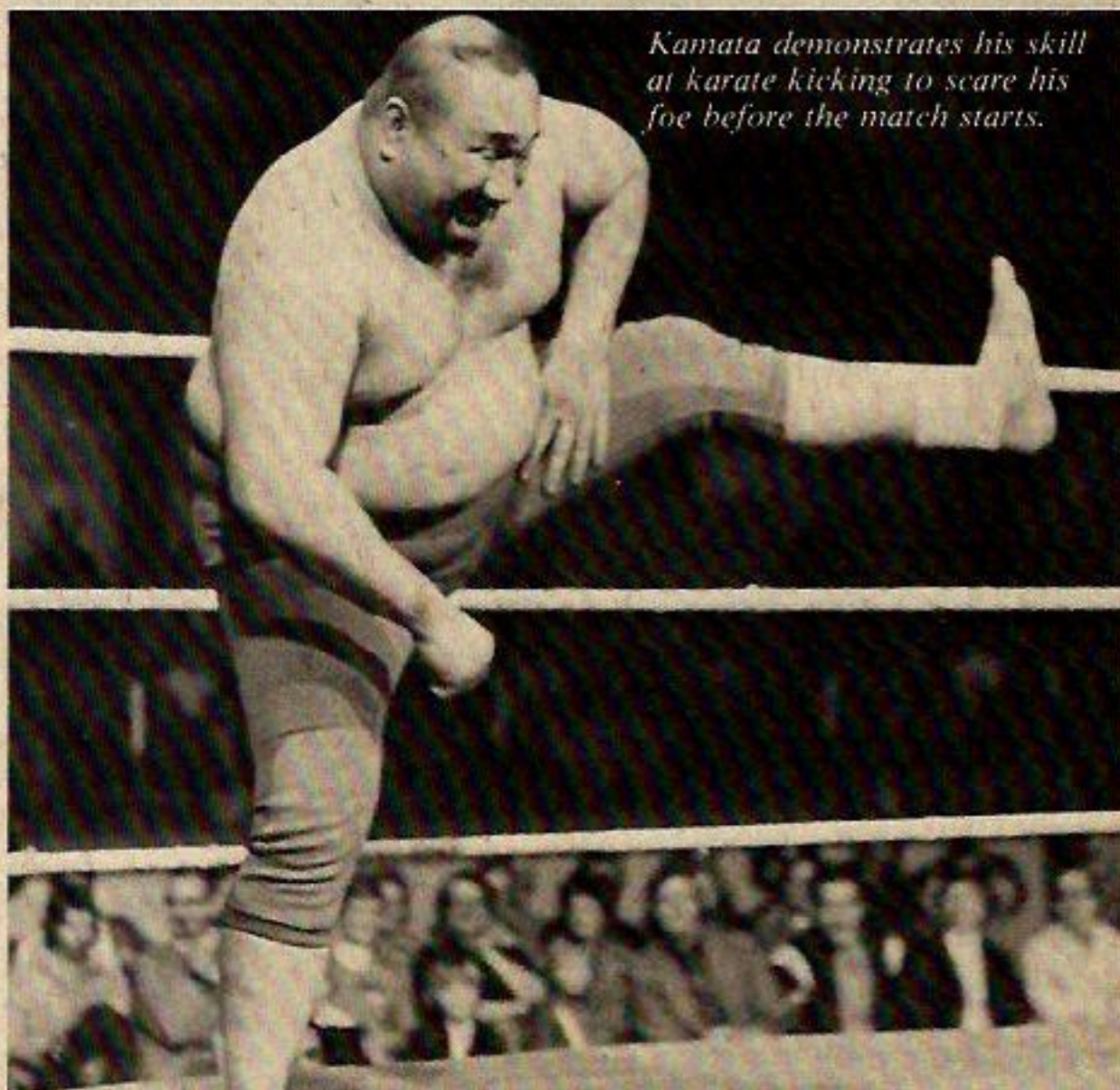
Many people have demanded Blassie stop the carnage, halt Kamata's reign of terror. To these pleas, all to be heard is Blassie's infamous laugh.

"I couldn't call him off even if I wanted to," Blassie claims with a smirk, "and I wouldn't dream of wanting to. The man is the product of 3,000 years of samurai tradition. The man was born to battle to the death. It's as much a part of his blood as cells. I can't tell him not to

fic wrestler. Those who love the sport can only mourn the course he's taken.

Blassie, of course, is celebrating. Like a grinning gargoyle, he stands outside the ropes and watches Kamata destroy his foes. Blassie cheers with delight at each scream. He howls with glee at each scream of pain. Many believe Blassie is the main reason Kamata is so vile a barbarian.

Those who have seen Tor in Japan claim he was rough, but he was not the sadistic man he is in the



Kamata demonstrates his skill at karate kicking to scare his foe before the match starts.

take it seriously anymore. It'd be absurd. And impossible.

"I'm no dummy. I know what I've got—the best damn wrestling machine in the world. If things are going the way I want—and they are—I'd be crazy to change them. And Freddie Blassie's not crazy. The nuts who challenge Kamata are crazy!"

Blassie's crowing has some basis in fact. Besides his cruelty, Kamata has a vast knowledge of martial arts. In many areas of combat, he's an expert; in a few, he can legitimately be called a wrestling genius. It's in his power to be a great scienti-

United States. For that they blame Blassie. As one might expect, Blassie is quick to take credit.

"When I first saw him," Freddie declares with usual immodesty, "he was rough, but he lacked the drive of a real wrestler. I instilled it in him. I, and I alone, took just another Japanese wrestler and made him the greatest of all time.

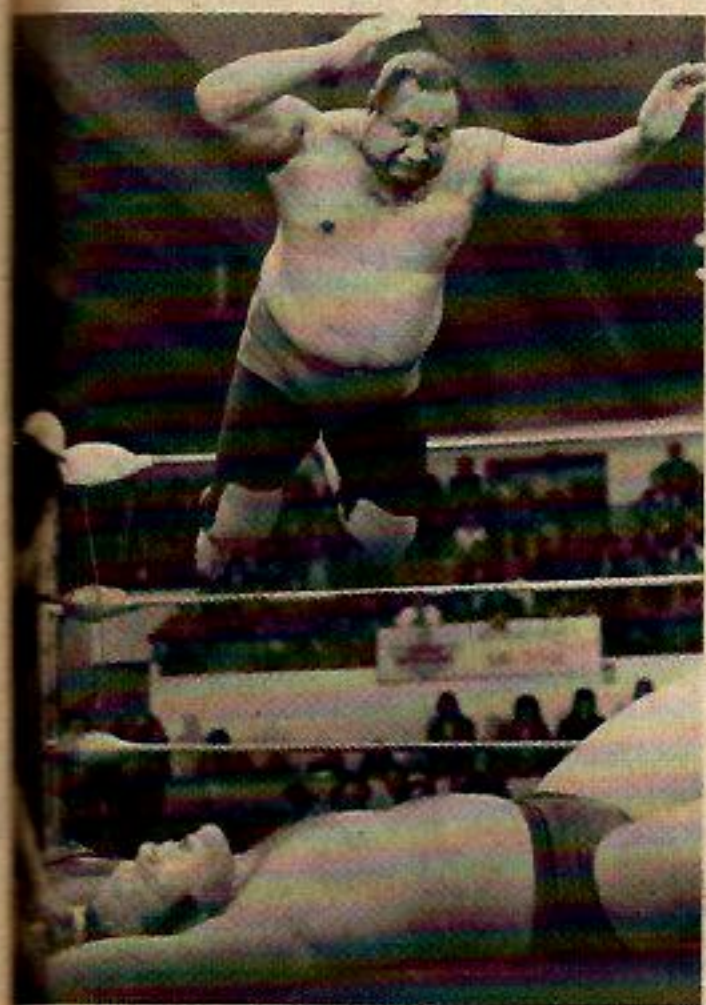
"Now I sit back and admire my work. I don't have to do a thing—he's perfect. He's even so mean now he scares me sometimes. But it's the nicest fear I've ever had.

"The only thing bothering me is that the greatest wrestler has to



Above: Freddie Blassie prepares to embark on another trip to find wrestlers for his stable.

Below: Kamata leaps on Mike Kelly, being held by Tor's tag team partner, Mr. Hito.



show his genius before the morons called fans. It's such an incredible waste. Do you know those fools actually boo him when he magnificently destroys some nobody! Can you believe it? They boo when they see great wrestling!"

Some people believe there is nothing great about ugly cheating. "What's cheating?" Blassie snaps back to this kind of state-

(Continued on page 64)

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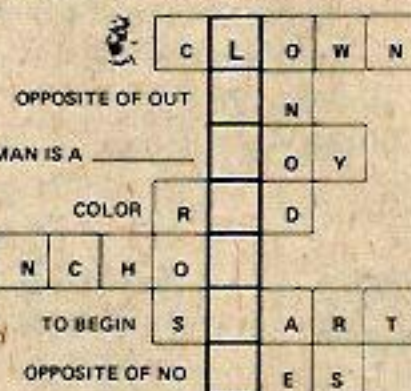


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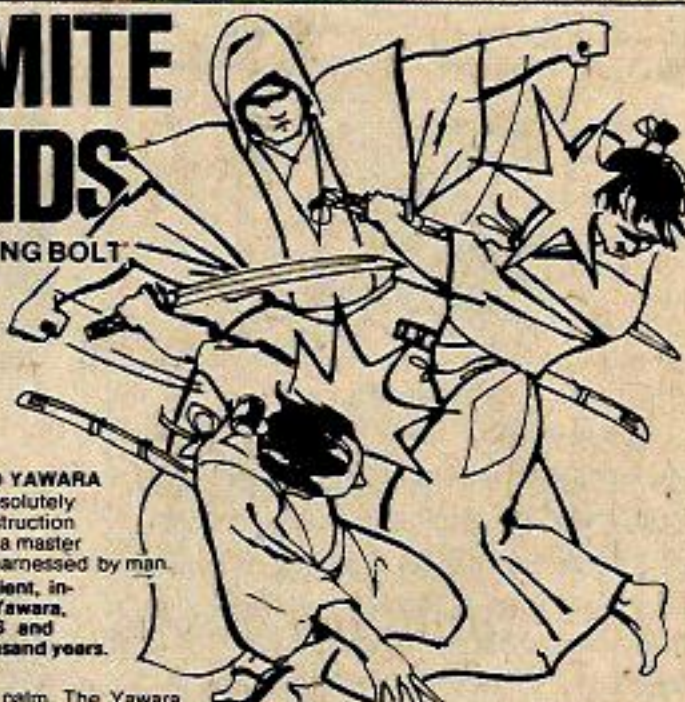
It is a small, specially-made weapon you hold in your palm. The Yawara gives you a special advantage over any attacker because every inch of it spells deadly trouble. The powerful Yawara weapon turns your fist into dynamite... crushes bones, rips flesh, makes your opponents BEG for mercy.

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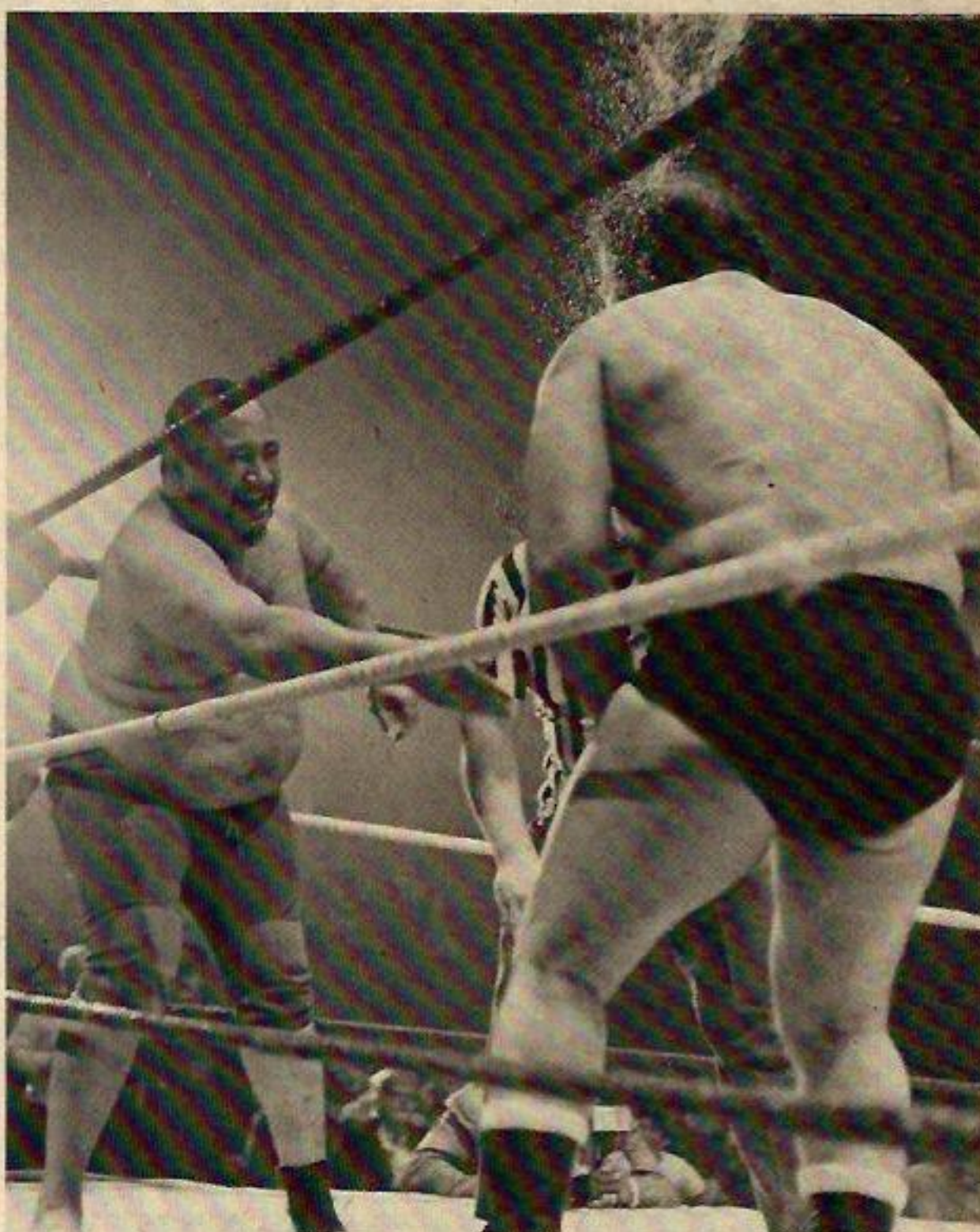
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WWWF's NEWEST ASSASSIN

(Continued from Page 63)



Above: Kamata laughs with sadistic joy as he hurls salt in the face of Antonio Baillargeon, blinding the astonished wrestler for almost an hour! Below: Early in the match against Kamata, Antonio has to use all his power to stop the Oriental grappler's attack.



ment. "I've been around long enough to know when some clown the fans like gets it on the chin, his conqueror is called a cheater. Kamata wipes out the opposition, including the cretins loved by the spectator geeks, so he's called a cheater.

"The fans are too stupid to have real opinions. Kamata doesn't cheat. He just knows more than any other wrestler around."

What a man knows and what he's willing to do are often two very different things. Most observers feel Kamata has been coaxed into using the dirty tactics by Blassie. The Japanese mat star, tempted by promises of fame and fortune,



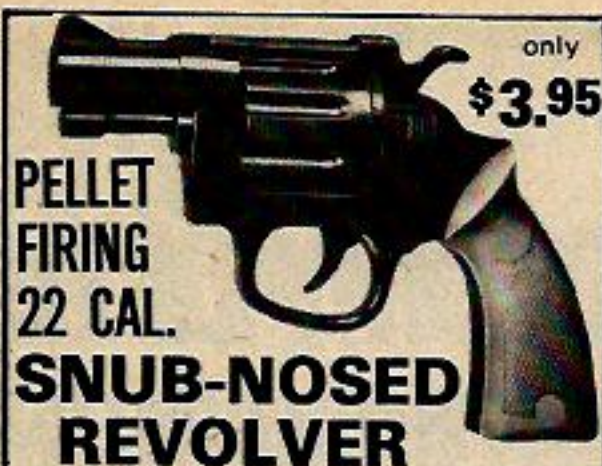
Kamata proves he has agility as well as power as he leaps high in the air to come crashing down on Rene Frechette, a brave but battered young wrestler.

employs maneuvers he would have shunned years ago. If you have a gun, it doesn't mean you have to shoot. Blassie has convinced Kamata to shoot.

The eventual hope of Blassie is to see Kamata as WWWF champion, although that's not very important to him just yet. Freddie is more interested in revenge at the moment. He sees Tor as the man to wreak havoc on all those who've had the courage and integrity to cross Blassie. Freddie sees Kamata as the one who'll permanently cripple everyone Blassie hates.

In ancient times, the most corrupt lords had men whose only function was to murder the master's enemies. These assassins were the most stealthy, powerful men of their time. They were paid extraordinarily well as long as they were effective. Failure meant death.

Freddie Blassie, without the power of life and death over Tor Kamata, fancies himself as such a lord. Kamata is his pampered slave, determined to do the master's bidding. Blassie possesses a very dangerous man. Those knowing Freddie can only shudder as to how he'll use it. □



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